

FANCIED EVENTS:

OR, THE

SORROWS OF ELLEN.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY MRS. VILLA-REAL GOOCH.

Thou know'st that thou hast found me
With passions wild and strong;
And, list'ning to their 'witching voice,
Has often led me wrong. BURNS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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1799.

THE LANCET

OF THE

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LONDON

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FANCIED EVENTS:

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SORROWS OF ELLEN.

CHAP. XL.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN BOADEN.

Calcutta, Jan. 21st, 17—.

‘WHEN I parted from you, my dear Ellen, my feelings were embittered by the certainty that a long time must elapse before it would be possible for me to see you again; but the recall of our regiment to Europe flatters me with the hope of finding you under the respectable care of Mrs. Montgomery,

early in the ensuing year. I will not suppose that I am not sometimes the subject of your thoughts and conversation: but absence, they say, is a dangerous experiment, and you will have probably, ere this reaches you, formed new friendships, perhaps contracted new ties, which, though they may not obliterate, will divert your mind from the object that, as I often hinted, formerly employed it too much.

‘ From the pen of a young man the lesson of morality does not always flow; and to repeat what I have already written would be superfluous, for two reasons: the first, that if it has met with your approbation, it will be regarded, and attended to; the second, that if you have discarded it, a repetition would meet with the same fate. I



will therefore confine myself to matter of amusement only, and endeavour to give you some idea of this country; to which the limited publications you peruse may have hitherto kept you an entire stranger. Yet is the task more difficult to accomplish than you may imagine. Nevertheless, if I cannot gratify your curiosity to the extent I could wish, I will not leave you to doubt of my willingness to attempt it.

‘Of the general manners and customs of the natives, I have not yet seen anything to prejudice me in their favour, but much to disgust me. Many of their customs are indeed shocking, and such as no length of residence could possibly reconcile to an European mind, possessing the least spark of European delicacy. Their customs I shall not there-

fore detail. With respect to their manners, I have still less to say; for it would require a keener penetration than mine to discover that they have any. They are at least a thousand years behind us in the common urbanities of life; and I should imagine, from what I now see, that the morning of Doomsday will arrive before Lord Chesterfield's system can possibly make any progress among these people.

‘ Thus you see, my dear Ellen, that the part of my communication, from which you would probably expect the most entertainment, is productive of the least, and that I am under the necessity of confining my remarks to the appearance of the country, rather than the character of the people.

• The country, indeed, makes some atonement for the defects of its inhabitants, and in point of beauty yields to few under the canopy of Heaven.— Did it possess the variegated diversities of hill and dale, mountain and valley, one would be tempted to fancy it at least the modern paradise of the world. Unfortunately, however, the whole province of Bengal is a perfect flat. Beheld from the entrance of the Hougly, the land appears like a mere dark line drawn across the horizon. This produces an effect at once singular and novel; for you first discover your approach to the shore, by seeing the tops of the trees.

• The Hougly, at its entrance, has nothing attractive. Its banks are covered with woods, penetrable only by

its fierce inhabitants, the ravenous tygers. In proportion, however, as you proceed, the banks assume a more interesting appearance, and form a pleasant margin, but it is literally a margin, the prevalence of the dead flats precluding the view of every remote object, and you contemplate a picture with nothing but a fore-ground.

• However inauspicious may be the entrance into the Hougly, the river itself is one of the finest in nature, while its surface is infinitely more diversified than its shores. The number and variety of the ships and boats floating on its bosom never fail to excite sensations of astonishment and pleasure in every stranger. Nor can habit altogether wear off the charm of novelty. The eye will always discover new combina-

tions of objects, and the mind new sources of contemplation, as we approach the capital of a great and flourishing empire.

‘ The banks of the river are adorned with elegant villas. The southern aspect of Calcutta is peculiarly striking, and, united with the magnificent fortress of Fort-William, conveys a strong idea of the opulent splendour of the city, while the immensity of shipping in the port confirms and enlarges the idea.

CHAP. XLI.

LETTER FROM CAPT. BOADEN, CONTINUED.

• IN no part of the world do we observe more convincing proofs of the power and influence of commerce.—The houses of the merchants are numerous and magnificent in the extreme: many of them have been lately erected; and the increasing population and prosperity of the city are evinced by the rapidity with which the buildings increase. These effects cannot but be contemplated with peculiar satisfaction by a Briton; for they result from the spirited exertions of British

merchants resident in India. It is from these that Bengal derives her shipping and her commerce, exclusive of the exports made by the Company.

‘ You would not perhaps conceive the style of their shipping. From five to eight hundred tons is their ordinary burden: not a few extend even to fourteen hundred. Like the Company’s ships, they are fitted up with figure-heads, quarter and stern galleries, and usually kept in the most complete order; giving, at a small distance, the most perfect idea of an immense fleet of men of war; while the smaller vessels, continually moving, diversify and give additional spirit to the scene.

‘ Here is a boat belonging to the Government, of a construction at once un-

common and beautiful. In this vessel I have been indulged in a few excursions on the river. Her motion is exceedingly rapid, as she draws but little water, and has thirty paddles. The apartment is as elegant as a good taste, in the disposition of the furniture, can render it. The curtains, cushions, and carpets, are rich and fanciful; and as I lounge at my ease under the gilded canopy, and listen to the national songs of the crew, which they vociferate in full chorus, beating time with their paddles in most admirable exactness, I cannot help sometimes fancying myself an Eastern Sultan, recreating after the toils of Empire.

• Whenever novelty comes recommended by gracefulness, it is doubly attractive. I could not therefore but

be wonderfully delighted with what they regard as a kind of manual exercise on the water. They perform a succession of manœuvres, at once manly and elegant, with amazing celerity and precision. I can scarcely convey to your mind a competent idea of this matter; for nothing is so difficult to describe. I was most struck with the effect produced by a manœuvre, which consists of a flourish of the paddles over their heads, and immediately striking it smartly against the side of the boat. The motion is so uniform, that, however great their number, the sound has the apparent effect of a single instrument.

• This harmony of action leads me to speak of their music; and the airs of Indostan afford peculiar entertainment:

they are all, if I may speak technically, in a minor key, and their characteristic is plaintiveness. Their manner of singing is somewhat injurious to the beauty of their songs; it is somewhat drawling, and their voices appear harsh to the ears accustomed to European performers: notwithstanding which, their great skill in time and unison renders their music very delightful, especially in the open air and on the water.

The bow of the boat is raised a considerable height out of the water, terminating with the head of an elephant. The place of accommodation, unlike that of other vessels, is also brought forward. In the cool season, the men are dressed in blue jackets, with red facings, and turbans. When it becomes hot, they wear the turban only, and a

white cloth round their waists. You may be assured that I pass no small time on the water, since I am favoured with the use of the boat I have described, and have time enough to indulge myself in the amusement.

• The town of Calcutta is worthy of the appellation by which it has long been distinguished: it is, indeed, a 'City of Palaces.' Each house stands alone and apart from others, with a sufficient space around it for the better circulation of air. The mansions are in general very large, and not only handsome, but have the appearance of magnificence, by being enriched with the orders of architecture.

• The streets, crowded with people, carriages, and palanquins, make you

forget even the bustle of London, and exhibit such an extensive and confused assemblage of all nations, as it were, perhaps, vain to look for elsewhere.— About half a mile to the South stands Fort-William, divided from the town by the Esplanade, the name given to a beautiful plain. This fortification is mentioned as being very regular and very strong. It appears to be kept in the most perfect order. The area within is extremely spacious, and may truly be said to contain a splendid town.

CHAP. XLII.

LETTER FROM CAPT. BOADEN, CONTINUED.

• THE house of the commandant is situated about the centre, in an extensive lawn, planted with well-disposed clumps of trees, and, both internally and externally, is literally a palace.— The offices, barracks, storehouses, and other edifices, form large squares: that which is denominated the Royal Barracks is an object peculiarly striking. Fifty thousand stand of arms are lodged in the arsenal, and so beautifully arranged, that I cannot perceive a superiority in the fort-armory of the Tower of London. The ramparts form a

walk of near three miles in circumference, and in the cool season the morning promenade is truly delightful.

• The views, in every direction, are as rich as a flat surface can possibly admit. The approach to the side lying towards the town is peculiarly enchanting, by exhibiting at once a combination of interesting and splendid objects. After traversing the Esplanade, the eye is carried on the right to a general view of Calcutta. This view is terminated by a magnificent range of buildings, at least a mile in length, extending eastward from the banks of the river. — These buildings have rather the appearance of Grecian temples, than the dwellings of private individuals; the size and style of the architecture corresponding with the former idea, which

is not a little strengthened by almost every one of these noble houses having a stately portico in front.

• While the view to the right of the river is thus captivating, that of the left is not less distinguished; for here the river presents itself as an immense sheet of water, beautifully skirted with wood, rendered extremely picturesque by the interspersion of garden-houses, and Hindoo temples, on the West; the side next the town being so crowded with shipping, as to present an almost endless grove of masts as far as the eye can reach, exhibiting altogether a scene of such opulence and splendour, that I cannot help thinking the *Thames* itself would suffer by the comparison. I am allowing, at the same time, its want of the diversities of hill and dale, which

so beautifully characterize your Clyde, and which must be confessed to form the most prominent features of landscape, but no country has yet come under my eye, displaying a richer profusion of exquisite subjects in the way of close cottage scenery.

‘ In this respect nothing can equal the neighbourhood of Calcutta, where Nature seems almost to have atoned for the want of these diversities, by the most delightful assemblage of objects, and the most picturesque groupes presenting themselves in aspects, continually varied, as you move through the pleasant windings of the road; and the idea perpetually occurs to you of turning over a port-folio of elegant drawing, where every turn of the page opens new beauties to your view. Cottages,

embosomed in groves of banyan, tamarind, and palms, gracing the margin of a piece of water, reflecting these ever-delightful objects, form the scene one moment; while the next presents groupes of cattle, and of the natives, enlivening other scenes in the most picturesque manner.

To these succeed an assemblage of Hindoo temples; some perfect, others in ruins: and that the scene may not want its appropriate, and, I may add, its moral effect, you frequently discover the pensive bramin, wandering in his white and flowing robe, his silver beard descending to his breast.

CHAP. XLIII.

LETTER FROM CAPT. BOADEN, CONTINUED.

• I MAY here remark, that the landscape beauty of this country derives considerable advantage from the climate and religious prejudices of its inhabitants. Their temples and pagodas, without being controlled by any rules of architecture, are highly picturesque and beautiful, and being numerous, and usually surrounded by cocoa-nuts, and other Asiatic trees, hanging over pieces of water, you may conceive how much they enrich the scenery of the country, which is here and there diver-

sified by a village of manufacturers; where the Hindoo sits at his loom in the open air, under the shade of his cot; and while he is clad in a coarse vestment of cloth tied round his waist, weaves a muslin of a texture so delicate and beautiful, as to grace even the charms of Ellen.

“The groupes of cattle add considerably to the beauty of the scenery, as they are very numerous, and generally milk-white. Their number is very great; for the Hindoos hold them in high veneration, and do not on any account destroy them. This is one of their religious prejudices. Thus you cannot turn your eye in any direction, without observing many of them disposed so as to attract attention; some basking in the sun; some standing in

the water, or feeding on its banks, in the shade of the trees.

‘Frequent ablution, another custom among all ranks here, has also its effect on the surrounding scenery, by giving occasion for abundance of tanks, or pieces of water, the banks of which are frequently covered with natives, in their loose flowing drapery, or bathing themselves in the water.

CHAP. XLIV.

LETTER FROM CAPT. BOADEN, CONTINUED.

I HAVE not yet seen much of the country. When the weather has been very cool, I have sometimes ventured a few miles beyond the crowds of villages immediately surrounding Calcutta, till I have arrived among the rice grounds, and found myself in extensive plains, and in the midst of landscapes of a different complexion from those I have just mentioned. Viewing a large expanse of rice, which, before it is ripe, wears the green surface of a

beautiful lawn, the prospect is varied, and often terminated by clumps of trees thrown together in that bold manner in which Nature delights to leave some of her works, and forming, as it were, a gradation of distances melting into each other, in a manner truly picturesque, and in a style that can seldom be met with in our part of the world.

‘ I have now, my dear Ellen, said all that I think calculated to amuse you respecting India. I would add the compliments of the present season, but that they will have been long out of date, ere my letter reaches the pleasant shore of Britain. How different are our situations at the present period! While you are freezing under the cold blasts of the North, I am regaling with the produce of all your summer yields.

The vegetable world is with us in the highest perfection at this season; and our emancipation from the raging dog-star is succeeded by masquerades, and all other public amusements; yet, so strongly is the love of our native land implanted in our nature, and so strongly is it impressed on my mind, that I would at this moment rather forego every luxury of the East, to become the solitary inhabitant of a peaceful cot, on one of the bleak mountains of Europe, than continue in my present exile.

‘ In a few months after you receive this long epistle, you may look for my return; and let me hope that our meeting will be propitious. Pray remember me affectionately to Mrs. Montgomery, and continue to deserve the

friendship of that worthy woman.—

Adieu! my dear Ellen. You cannot have forgotten the hand that writes and the heart that dictates this letter. I will therefore add to it no other signature than that of

‘ YOUR UNALTERABLE FRIEND.’

CHAP. XLV.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

I HAD no sooner perused this charming proof of affectionate remembrance, than I made a compromise with Capt. Mackenzie, that he should read it at whatever time, and as often as he chose, provided he would leave me at liberty to absent myself, at least one half-hour of every day, to compose a journal or narrative of my life; which, though it could not be supposed to be either improving or interesting, like the elegant production which I still held open in my hand, might at least

be deemed worthy, at a future period, the inspection of that indulgent and absent friend. To this he consented; and then, at my request, read the letter aloud.

After passing near six weeks at Bourdeaux, the vessel was ready to sail, and a day appointed for our departure: on the first mention of which, Don Joseph, who was present, betrayed evident uneasiness. As we were convinced of his having no inducement to remain there longer than ourselves, (the hours that he did not pass with us being constantly devoted to solitude in the most unfrequented walks, and as he had shunned every description of society) we conjured him not to forsake us, but to continue with the friends whom he had hitherto honoured by his regard,

and who now considered him as necessary to their happiness. The tears rushed into his eyes, as he thanked us for our generous attachment to him; and at length he promised to devote to us the few remaining days that would, he said, probably terminate his wretched existence.

On the evening preceding our intended return to Scotland, Don Joseph attended us, as usual. But an impenetrable gloom had overspread his expressive countenance, while a half-fetched sigh often interrupted the simple eloquence of our hearts.

When we parted for the night, he squeezed my hand, and bade me farewell, with a look so expressive of inward anguish, that, although I was at

that moment little prepared for sorrow, I felt its melancholy influence gradually vibrating throughout my frame. When I said, ' We shall meet at breakfast, in the morning, and then together bid adieu to Gallia's cheerful coast,' an obtruding tear stole uninvited down my cheek. He still held my hand, and at these words pressed it to his lips with uncommon tenderness. ' At breakfast! and in the morning!'—he emphatically repeated—' who knows whether we shall be permitted to exist throughout the night?' I ardently wished HIM a good one; and while my tongue pronounced the common phrase, my heart inwardly invoked all pitying Powers to smoothe his pillow; and to bless with future peace this melancholy, interesting, and apparently destined victim of unavailing woe!

I arose earlier than usual; and, on descending to the breakfast-room, found Mrs. Mackenzie waiting for me. The Captain was gone to order the necessary preparations for our embarkation. On inquiring for Don Joseph, the French girl, whom we employed, went to his chamber, and immediately returned, followed by the master of the house, who, with looks of amazement and distraction, screamed aloud, ‘*Le Seigneur Portuguais s’est tué chez moi!*’ ‘The Portuguese Lord has killed himself in my house!’) Mrs. Mackenzie did not attempt to speak, but sat petrified with horror; while I, actuated by the moment, and, regardless of fear, rather flew than walked up to his apartment.

Don Joseph was deeply wounded; but alive, and perfectly sensible. At one end of the room lay his sword, reeking with blood; he was dressed, and extended near it. The man of the house helped me to raise him, and we gently laid him on the bed. A surgeon was instantly sent for, and, while he performed the operation of probing, I went down stairs, where I found Capt. Mackenzie endeavouring to recover his wife from a situation almost as alarming as that in which I had left our unhappy friend.

CHAP. XLVI.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

BEFORE the surgeon joined us, we had succeeded in recovering Mrs. Mackenzie; and, to our infinite joy, he declared that the wound, although dangerous, was not mortal. He had left his patient in a composed sleep, and trusted as much to his own endeavours, as to his skill, to effect a cure. Our voyage was for the present postponed: Captain Mackenzie generously observing, that if any one, who had cargo on board, should be inhuman enough to

blame him for the delay, they were extremely welcome to consign it to any other care.

On my return to Don Joseph's apartment, I found a nurse already stationed there, whom the surgeon had sent.— Unlike the generality of that species of mercenary hirelings, who exist but by hypocrisy and plunder, this amiable nun (for she was one of the order of CHARITY, whose peculiar care it is to attend the sick) shewed, by the smiling complacency of her countenance, that she was superior to all selfish and groveling ideas: being intent only to fulfil the sacred duties of her calling; to sooth with gentle pity the horrors of approaching death; or to welcome, with celestial joy, returning health to the mind, enervated by misfortune, and

unprepared to rush at once into the presence of its Creator.

With Sister Madeline I left a particular charge to be sent for, as soon as Don Joseph should awake ; and as the surgeon was known to Captain Mackenzie to be a man both of eminence in his profession, and of undoubted integrity, we depended on his promise to keep the affair as secret as possible, and had the satisfaction to find that he did not deceive us; for he silenced the busy tongue of rumour, by an asseveration, that Don Joseph's wound, which was trifling, had originated in accident only, proceeding from wrong management in the practice of a foil. As he had been scarcely ever seen in the populous streets of Bourdeaux, it turned

out to be a subject of perfect indifference to its volatile inhabitants; and, to give more weight to this report, we shewed ourselves on the same evening at the Theatre, where, as Don Joseph had never but once accompanied us, his absence was not noticed. The lively widow of a banker, by name Madame de Ronquier, with whom we were acquainted, expressed her astonishment at seeing us again, having understood, she said, that we were next to meet in Edinburgh, whither, after a tour thro' England, she purposed going, and had already conveyed us half-way over, in her own ideas. I pleaded the sudden indisposition of one of our party, and the conversation ended.

During several days, Don Joseph, enfeebled by loss of blood, could

scarcely give utterance to his meaning. His gentle attendant watched over him with unremitting care, and exemplified the practice, as well as the theory, of her Order. The solemnity of their garb would induce one to believe that these daughters of Piety clothe Religion in terror; the unaffected simplicity and cheerfulness of their deportment afford, however, their best security, and stamp an indelible impression on the discriminating mind, contradictory of appearance. If these nuns are unhappy, it is their interest as well as duty to conceal it; and if otherwise, how greatly do they rise superior to all worldly enjoyments? How free from temptations throughout life!—how glorious their retrospect at the close of it! —The sons and daughters of Vanity

may contemplate their humble cells,
and envy those substantial blessings,
which **Destiny** has resolved they never
shall share.

CHAP. XLVII.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

I WAS one morning sitting by the side of Don Joseph's bed, wrapped in meditation, when he drew from under his pillow the miniature of a beautiful woman, and presented it to me.— 'Here,' said he, 'is the dear, the fatal cause of all my sufferings. That bewitching face conceals a soul of darkest hue; else would she not have perjured her oft-repeated vows, to devote her hand and life to the wealthy Sebastian. The ever-loved, the faithless Donna Maria sought my cold, my unambitious

heart, and made it all her own. My head grew giddy with the promised bliss: she smiled with exultation at her conquest, then plunged me into the gulph of fathomless perdition. For her alone I wished to live; for her I am resolved to die. Cease then, my beloved, my amiable friend, to wish the prolongation of an existence which is devoted to despair. To spare your tender feelings, I delayed my hitherto-fruitless attempt until the day of your intended departure; for well I knew your gentle soul, that taught you to pity the friend, would shrink with horror from the suicide; and that nothing but your immediate removal from the unhappy object would banish the scene of guilt and desolation from your mind. But Fate ordained that I should yet live, to behold you, and to

repose in you my last-remaining confidence. Keep this picture, my invaluable friend, and, when I am dead, send it to Madrid, by the direction you will find in my pocket-book: that contains more than sufficient to defray all my expences. Weep not, my gentle Ellen, but rather rejoice that I am on the eve of everlasting rest. Alas! without love and friendship, what is this world but a miserable wilderness? My last sigh will be for the faithless Donna Maria; but let my last gaze be fixed on you. Forsake me not during the few short hours of my fast-ebbing life. Oh! copy not the world's unkind example, but pour a drop of balm into the overflowing cup of bitterest misery. On you alone it depends to smooth my rugged journey; but deprive me not of the only friend Fate still has left me.

A sure foreboding whispers that my trials will soon be over. Promise, oh, Ellen—swear that you will see the last solemn obsequies performed on my senseless corpse! Then will Pity plead my cause at the bar of your generous heart, and the accusing spirit register the tear of Virtue on the black page of human transgressions.'

He accompanied these words with a look so pathetic, so full of woe, that I resolved in the same moment to sacrifice my own comfort and inclinations to his sole advantage. It was become impossible for me to refuse a request made in such a solemn manner, and at such an awful period; and, without giving him time to repeat his wish, I rashly promised that no consideration whatever should induce me to leave

him, while he continued in a state so weak and desponding; but that, in return, I should depend on his making every exertion to promote his speedy recovery, for my sake as well as his own. When I said this, I did not foresee what immediate consequences might follow my hasty resolve; but on my going down stairs to Mrs. Mackenzie, she presented me a letter to read, which her husband had that morning received. It informed him, that through the interest of Lord S.....h, then First Lord of the Admiralty, he was appointed to the command of a Falmouth packet, and was ordered to proceed there without delay.

CHAP. XLVIII.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

THIS intelligence was highly pleasing to Mrs. Mackenzie, it being in consequence of her family connections that the noble Earl had so essentially served her husband. But when the Captain was made acquainted with the resolution I had taken, he could not conceal his indignation. He accused himself of being the author of my ruin, in having brought me acquainted with Don Joseph, whom he treated as a suicide and a coward, as a character weak

and pusillanimous, that did not possess one honourable sentiment, but that had taken advantage of a mind at once generous and uninformed, to give a colouring to future designs, as deadly as the one he had lately premeditated. He conjured me to recall the vow which I had thus unwarily made; and he used every argument to convince me that, from the manner of its being extorted, it could not be held sacred in the eye of God or man.

With me that vow was irrevocable; and though I heard, not without the most painful emotion, his orders given for the vessel to be in readiness with the next tide, I continued firm to my purpose, and perfectly regardless of every selfish idea.

The wind and tide favoured their departure at midnight. My rest had been hitherto unbroken by those unquiet slumbers that are the offsprings of self accusation: but now a something like remorse banished it. It was, however, already too late to retract, and I flattered myself that Don Joseph's health and peace of mind would be soon re established; it would then be easy for me to return to Scotland, by one of the trading vessels constantly employed there. Alas! I did not reflect that, although *I* considered Don Joseph as a brother, the world, the cruel world, would judge otherwise. The gentle Madeline remained with me in the house; but the sanction of an attendant nun was not of sufficient weight to counterbalance the prejudices of malicious insinuation.

On the morning after my friends were gone, I repaired, as usual, to Don Joseph's apartment. He expressed the most lively joy and gratitude at what he termed the sacrifice I had made him; but he was visibly shocked at the sudden departure of Capt. and Mrs. Mackenzie; of which, till I informed him, he was ignorant. He then desired Sister Madeline to bring a casket to his bed-side, and fervently implored me to accept it; pointing at the same time to the key, which hung to his watch.

He soon after fell asleep, and continued in that state of blissful forgetfulness during the whole of the day. In the evening, the affrighted Madeline (who, though accustomed to scenes of terror and death, still possessed a mind

fraught with the keenest sensibility) came into the room where I was sitting; and, pale and confused, yet with the utmost caution, hinted to me her fears that Don Joseph's was the sleep of death; that to her it did not appear natural; and that she feared he would awake no more. In trembling anxiety I sent for the surgeon. We entered the chamber together, when he instantly confirmed the dismal apprehension.—The pulse of life was hovering on the verge of eternity; and while he removed his patient's head from the pillow, to endeavour to arouse him, a short sigh vibrated from his heart, and a small and empty phial rolled from beneath his head. This at once confirmed his suspicion, and my unspeakable amazement and grief.

In a few minutes Don Joseph was released from all human cares. The tear of worldly misery was for ever wiped from his eyes; but what a load of anguish had he entailed upon me!—He had devoted me to calamity, at the moment that my ignorant compassion for him had urged me to sacrifice the country I held most dear; and the few, the very few friends, my wayward destiny had pointed out to me. Yet this was not a moment for reflection. It was necessary to collect my scattered thoughts, and to lead them from the lifeless object before me, who had but that morning soothed me with the melody of his voice, and who but a few hours before had, by soft persuasion, captivated and seduced my reason. That voice was now no more! That fragile, that woe-worn form had quitted mortality for

immortality! Those accents, that were at once so pathetically instructive, and so beautifully enlightening, and with which he was wont to charm away even the sense of pain itself, were now for ever silenced in the grave!

CHAP. XLIX.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

CAPTAIN Boaden was far from me; of Mrs. Shark's life and destiny I was equally ignorant; and Don Joseph was no more! Monsieur de Savarin (the surgeon) was the only person to whom I could apply, and in him I resolved to confide. He was, as I have already mentioned, a sensible and well informed man; and to him I made a full confession of the motive which had actuated me to remain in such an apparently improper situation. With the utmost delicacy he hinted, that he had been prompted by appearances to be-

lieve that I had taken a more tender interest than I had explained, in the fate of Don Joseph. I was not, until that moment, aware that such a construction could be placed on what I considered as a duty so much due from one human being to another, that a breach of it would be an infringement on the laws of Nature. I was shielded by my innocence; and, although I held the speaker in veneration, I despised, perhaps, too much the maxim that deviated from her laws. This is the dangerous quicksand on which Happiness is so frequently wrecked; yet will not genuine Humanity fail to drop a tear on those frailties which, however warped by prejudice, are nevertheless the adherents and the faithful symbols of a truly honourable mind.

I opened the casket and the pocket-book, in the presence of Monsieur de Savarin. In the former was a miniature of Don Joseph, richly encircled, and the same that he had once mentioned to me as having been destined for Donna Maria. There were, besides, many other jewels, set in various forms, and some of them appeared to me to be very valuable: among which was a beautiful picture of the unfortunate Marchioness de Pombal, as she was habited on the fatal morning of her execution. The pocket-book contained the address to Donna Maria, with some lines in the Portuguese language, which I did not understand; also two English bank-notes, the one for fifty, the other for twenty-five pounds; and in his purse were four guineas, and some coin of Portugal. The gold, together with his

watch, I presented to Monsieur de Savarin, as a small token and remembrance of his particular kindness and attention. That being settled, nothing remained but to inter with all privacy the corpse of my ill-fated friend, which was, at my request, directed by Mons. de Savarin; who, with the people of the house and myself, were all who assisted as attendants on the melancholy scene.

Our last remaining care was to satisfy and discharge the weeping Madeline, whose tender offices we liberally requited. Had not the sanctity of her vows almost repelled the idea, I should have been tempted to believe, from the poignancy of her grief, that the gentle nun had not been altogether blind to the merits of the unfortunate Joseph. She strewed his bier with beautiful

flowers, the workmanship of her own hands; and, while she devoutly kissed the crucifix which lay on it, her sighs and tears bespoke that she was not wholly indifferent to its insensible tenant.

CHAP. L.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

IN a few minutes after our return from the funeral, I was surprized by a visit from Madame de Ronquier. After the usual compliments of condolance, she proceeded, with that impertinent familiarity so remarkable in and peculiar to the French, to inquire into the manner of Don Joseph's death, and in what situation he had left his affairs. From this conversation I was happy to gain an additional proof of the secrecy and integrity of Monsieur de Savarin.—

Having satisfied her as much and as briefly as I thought necessary, she asked without ceremony how nearly he was related to me? She seemed very much surprized at my reply, that I had not the honour to be allied to a family so illustrious. ‘ Oh! he was then only a very old friend.’ ‘ Not even that,’ I answered. ‘ Although a very dear one, he was almost a new acquaintance.’— Finding that she could gain but little from me, she arose to depart, but seemingly half satisfied; and without any invitation from me, or even a look that could intimate a wish ever to see her again, she announced an intended repetition of her visit on the following morning.

As I had bespoke different suits of mourning, that could not be completed

under three or four days, I determined to employ that time in considering the plan I should hereafter adopt; but, before I could fix on any, the appointed hour and my female visitor arrived together.

She informed me that she was going to Paris, in three days, on a visit to her sister, Madame de Comtesse de Soissons. She proposed to me to accompany her there, assuring me that her stay would not exceed six weeks, at the end of which she should certainly go to England, and call on me to return the obligation, by being her interpreter there. The idea struck me, of its not only being a favourable opportunity to quit the present mournful scene, but that, under the protection of A WOMAN OF CHARACTER, I should be en-

abled to convince the world that I laboured under a stigma, alike ungenerous and undeserved. Indeed, I felt myself obliged by the proposal, and with cheerfulness, and even gratitude, accepted her offer.

I repaired to the house of Madame de Ronquier on the evening preceding our departure. We arrived in Paris without accident, and took up our abode at the Hotel de Soissons. I was little prepared for the scene of magnificence I beheld there; for though the word *Comtesse* had sounded importantly in my ear, my ideas of grandeur had been hitherto confined to theory only. But, if the outline astonished me, what were my sensations on beholding a young and beautiful woman, whose appearance would have inspired me with awe,

had not the prepossessing smile of welcome and benevolence, with which she greeted me, converted into admiration all apprehension from her superiority? I inwardly congratulated myself on the charming transition, and resolved to communicate the joyous change my circumstances and situation had experienced to my kind and ever-indulgent friends in Scotland.

When I retired to my apartment for the night, I was too much delighted with all I had seen, and all I had heard, to suffer a cloud of melancholy to overcast my reflections. Already had the bewitching Comtesse suggested my accompanying her to various places of amusement, and promised to introduce me to all her acquaintance. Madame de Ronquier had rather the air of an

humble dependant than a sister; whilst I found my society courted, my person admired, and my mind hurried away by the influence of pleasure and example.

CHAP. LI.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

I COULD not, perhaps, have been introduced into a house where I should sooner become acquainted with the *beau monde* of Paris, their pleasures and amusements. As I knew myself to be in a city long famed for prescribing manners and fashions to all the other cities of Europe, and that custom has established it as a maxim, That we may, as residents, without impeachment of our moral character, adopt the conduct of the people among whom we live, I could not but regard many of

those customs as at once fashionable and innocent, which in my own country would be deemed childishly frivolous, dangerously dissipated, or shockingly vicious. It was not, however, without some degree of reluctance that I mixed among the parties of the Comtesse, and participated in their diversions, though I could not at all doubt the propriety of their whole conduct, when I was led to adopt as much of it as I thought proper, by my friend Madame de Ronquier, who never ceased praising the Parisian manners, nor reproaching my backwardness in not at once adopting them, and becoming at once a perfect *belle esprit*.

The Comtesse was distinguished, I found, for keeping the best company in Paris. Her routes and balls were not

to be eclipsed, either in the splendour of her parties, or the sumptuousness of her entertainments; and I concluded that she must have a most princely revenue to support an establishment little less than royal. It was here that I first became the spectator of a fashionable gaming-table, and was somewhat astonished at the avidity with which both sexes and all ages plunged into the excesses of play. To avoid singularity, and led on by Madame de Ronquier, and encouraged by the Comtesse, I joined the nocturnal circles, sometimes rising a winner, sometimes a loser, and chance only seemed to be the arbiter of my play.

The Comtesse was, as I have already observed, a very lovely woman: she was in the bloom of life, and had many

admirers. In Paris, however, it seemed to me to be a difficult thing to distinguish between a friend and a lover, a visitor and a gallant. The Comte de Soissons, who had a military command, was at this time with his regiment in Corsica; and I had seldom heard him mentioned but as one whose absence was as acceptable as his presence.

Among the many who dangled after the Comtesse, a Chevalier of the Order of Malta, of the family and name of Choiseul, had gained a pre-eminence in her esteem. He was a person of consummate address and fascinating manner, and appeared to be well calculated for the office which he seemed to assume, as the protector and friend of the Comtesse, in the absence of her husband. He was constantly with her,

and appeared to make a part of the family. Finding that he shared the confidence of both my friends, I thought him a fit person to consult as to sending to Madrid the picture of Donna Maria Sebastian, which I held in charge from Don Joseph; and I spoke to him accordingly. The Chevalier readily undertook this commission, and I found my mind somewhat relieved when I had executed the dying request of the ill-fated Portuguese.

CHAP. LII.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

MEANTIME the scenes of gaiety and dissipation kept their course, and gaming its career. I had now been in the house of the Comtesse long enough to discover a degree of intercourse between her and the Chevalier de Choiseul, which seemed to me somewhat more familiar than mere friendship, however cordial, could justify. I reproached myself for so unworthy a suspicion, when I brought to my recollection the manners of Paris, and set this down as one of the instances authorized

by custom, and perhaps required by fashion. I concluded that this might be the mode in which sincere regard was to be expressed between the sexes, while their customary compliments seemed to verge so nearly on the province of real friendship. Yet every day served to convince me that my original idea was too well founded, or that I was yet a mere novice in Parisian civilities. It happened, one day, that the behaviour of the Chevalier to the Comtesse was so decidedly that of a gallant, and the Comtesse's reception of it so unequivocally approving, that I seemed no longer at a loss to decide; and had I possessed the least tincture of that disposition so common in the world, which is always anxious for the ratification of ill-natured suspicion, I should have buried all my doubts in the

certainty of what I now observed.—

But it occurred to me, that though the friend of the Comtesse might also be her gallant, it by no means followed that she countenanced any addresses but those which were sanctioned by fashion; and that her listening to, and accepting the attentions of the Chevalier, in this instance, ought to be considered rather as a proof of her innocence, than otherwise; because, were the intercourse between them such as their language and gestures seemed to imply, the Comtesse, at least, would have been more discreet; and therefore her manner of treating the Chevalier on this occasion served, on the whole, to convince me that this was only another instance of my ignorance in the fashions of friendship, and served me as another lesson how little we ought to judge

from appearances, especially where reputation is concerned.

Madame de Ronquier, however, being present, I did not omit this opportunity, when we were alone, of expressing my astonishment at the behaviour of the Chevalier, and intimating what construction I should put on that of the Comtesse, were I not aware that Madame de Ronquier would always be found a resident in the house of a woman of honour. Madame de Ronquier burst into a violent fit of laughter, which I could not but regard as very ill-timed, tho' I said nothing.—“Why, my dear creature,” exclaimed she, “have you been so long in Paris, and so long in this house, and not know that every lady here has a train of admirers, who are allowed to say tender

things on every occasion, and one or two favoured gallants——”

‘ Favoured gallants, Madam! a married lady have favoured gallants! why, it is astonishing that the Comte does not hear of this!——’

“ Not quite so fast,” she replied; “ you put too broad a construction on my words: you have your admirers, my dear Ellen, and, doubtless, you attend to one with more complacency than another. As to the Comte de Soissons, poor man, he is too much engaged in his own affairs, to trouble himself about the amusements of his wife;” and she again laughed heartily, advising me to shew a little compassion to the Comte de Mesnil, who, she said, was really dying for me.

Thus my appeal to Madame de Ronquier left me just where I was, except that it tended rather to confirm my opinion that I had judged too hastily of the Comtesse, and that she had not exceeded the bounds of fashion, and consequently of propriety, in her behaviour to the Chevalier de Choiseul.

Still I thought it possible that both my friend and myself might be deceived; and this rendered me more observant of the conduct of the Comtesse and the Chevalier, and more circumspect in my own.

The Comte du Mesnil, whom Madame de Ronquier had mentioned as my admirer, was of a distinguished family, being a natural son of Louis the Fifteenth, but was no otherwise dis-

tinguished by his royal parent, than in the possession of an estate in Lorraine, and a troop of horse in the regiment of Berri.

CHAP. LIII.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

THE Count du Mesnil neither courted nor declined the gaieties of the metropolis, and seemed the only Frenchman, within the circle of my knowledge, who was not professedly devoted to gambling or gallantry. He possessed sentiment enough to render his conversation somewhat more diversified and amusing than was usually to be met with. I was told, indeed, that he had no vocabulary but that most in vogue, till passion had touched his heart; and others, besides himself, as-

sured me that I was the object that had taught him to feel that he *had* a heart. For my own part, it was long before I could discover any difference between the assiduities of the Comte du Mesnil and a hundred other Counts, *et cetera*, who professed to swell the train of my admirers. I was therefore inattentive to all that was said about him, or by him, except in such conversations as turned upon themes of literature, the arts, and the prevailing amusements, in which I always found him the best-informed, and the most willing to resolve my curiosity, without ridiculing my inquiries.

I was one night sitting next to the Comte at the faro table, when the Chevalier de Choiseul had a remarkable run of ill luck, which manifestly cha-

grined the Comtesse to a very high degree. She played with little better success, and the eyes of the whole company were turned upon them; for it seldom happened that both were out of Fortune's look at the same time. I discovered marks of visible pleasure in the looks of the Comte du Mesnil; and I observed to him, that as he was not playing, I supposed some friends of his were the favourites of Chance for the night. 'I know not,' whispered he, 'that I have any friends here; but I perceive THEY are sometimes subject to the changes of Chance.' He was at this instant called aside, and I was left to ruminate on the meaning of his expressions.

I had played but little, and finding the play run very high, was inclined

to play still less; when the Comte du Mesnil returned to me. ‘But that you are, I apprehend,’ said he to me, ‘above the frowns, and careless of the smiles of Fortune, I should advise you to play deeply to night.’

‘Why so, Sir?’

‘Because your *friends* are out of luck, and are likely to remain so. See how the play goes against them: it is only taking a chance the reverse of theirs that would seem to insure success;—and he immediately put down his rou-
leau. I followed his example, and we, as well as several others, were soon enriched by the losses of the Comtesse and the Chevalier, and a small party who seemed to follow them in their fortunes.

I had never ventured so far, nor won so much; and I concluded that the Comte du Mesnil had advised me to this step for the express purpose of having it in my power to assist the Comtesse with her own money; and, on her complimenting me the next morning, I very cheerfully offered her as much of my winnings as she might have occasion for. She laughed, and said, she was replenished, and only waited till night to recover the trifle she had lost, but positively declined taking any part of what I offered, as it had already proved so unlucky to her, and advised me by all means, for the contrary reason, to sport it. The Chevalier observed, that as I had won little of him, he would accept of a loan; and I accommodated him with half of what I had.

The succeeding night I accompanied the Comtesse de Soissons, Madame de Ronquier, and the Chevalier, to the table—‘nothing loth’—with a moiety of the riches I had gained the preceding night. Much company had assembled, and the playing commenced at an earlier hour than usual. As I had been particularly successful the night before, I could not but fancy the attention of the company was a good deal fixed upon me; and I was somewhat confused, ruminating whether I should stake largely, or otherwise, wishing to avoid the appearance of extravagance on the one hand, and of parsimony, or the fear of losing what I had thus gained, on the other.

The Chevalier soon began to play deeply, and to win considerably. The

Comtesse was no less successful. I experienced various transitions, till, at length, I found my riches vanishing with wonderful rapidity. The Comte du Mesnil now made his appearance, and took a seat nearly opposite to me. I observed that he fixed his eyes steadfastly on me, and seemed not inclined to play. I was endeavouring, by risking double chances, to recover a part of what I had lost, with a determination that, if I proved in any degree lucky, to desist, as I might now do it without appearing any way singular, the company still increasing, and the game and the gamesters continually varying.

The Comte du Mesnil came round to me, and observed, that it was difficult to retain the good graces of For-

tune eight-and-forty hours together; but that if I were out of luck, my *friends* experienced a happy reverse. The Comtesse and the Chevalier, he remarked, carried off all the rich prizes of the evening. I still continued to play and to lose; and, in the course of an hour and a half, found myself reduced, from what I conceived to be absolute riches, to absolute poverty.

I arose from the table, and, accompanied by the Comte du Mesnil, took some refreshment. I was less vexed at my loss than mortified at my indiscretion. The Comte asked me if I meant to resume my play? I answered, that I hoped I should not resume my ill-luck; but that I certainly meant to rejoin the party. The Comte replied, that the good fortune of the night

seemed to be monopolized between the Comtesse and the Chevalier, and that, for his own part, he never liked to run against a *lucky pair*. I did not notice this, nor the manner in which it was delivered. I was anxious to return to the table; but found it first necessary to apply to the Chevalier for a part of the loan which he had borrowed of me in the morning.

Quitting the Comte rather abruptly, and as I thought somewhat awkwardly, I ran to the Chevalier, telling him I was bankrupt, and that he must assist me. He was at that moment taking up some bets he had won, and put two roulcaus into my hand. I resumed my station, and my fate followed me. I was still the sport of adverse stars; lost my money, and resolved to give

up play for that night—contenting myself with the reflection, that the Chevalier had yet enough of mine to defray such debts as I had contracted for my ordinary occasions, which I meant to settle the next morning, and never to play again for more than pastime.

CHAP. LIV.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

THE Comte du Mesnil, who had not played at all, soon disappeared; and I was left to saunter about the room, inwardly chagrined, and scarcely amused by what appeared to me the ridiculous attentions of the gay flatterers who successively accosted me, though I had no prepossessions in favour of the Comte du Mesnil, further than that excited by his civilities not being tinctured with the impertinent frivolity for which most of my other admirers were distinguished.

Whilst the time was thus passing, the Chevalier, retiring from the gaming table, came up to me, and said it was shameful that I should be thus idle, while the board was so rich, and the winners so few. I complimented him on his success; but he informed me, that luck had turned against him, and that he had now risen—three hundred Louis *minus*. I was not a little surprised and shocked to hear this; drawing an immediate conclusion, that I should find myself embarrassed for the want of the remainder of my loan, and be under the disagreeable necessity of soliciting a loan myself.

The Chevalier observed, that good or ill fortune seldom continued through a whole night, and that, as I had been unfortunate in the beginning, possibly

I might be more lucky in the concluding part of the play. ‘But, Chevalier,’ said I, ‘you are perhaps to learn that I have nothing to play with.’

‘Here’s de Melville,’ replied he, ‘who is now winning all the Comtesse’s money, will lend you a few rouleaus; for my part, I am already in his debt.’ He instantly ran to de Melville, and returned with a hundred Louis, which he directly put into my hand, and, wishing me success, went and took his stand at the back of the Comtesse’s chair.

Of de Melville I knew nothing, but that he was a constant visitor at the Comtesse de Soisson’s, and as constant an attendant at the gaming-table. I regarded this attention of the Chevalier

as an act of great kindness, and again took a seat at the table, where I observed the Comtesse and several others were losing very fast, while de Melville seemed to be the principal winner.— Though I felt reluctance at recommencing play, and should have been glad to have declined it altogether, I could not refuse appropriating the money I had just received to the purpose for which it had been lent me.

It happened, however, contrary to the Chevalier's prediction, that my evil star still shed its baneful influence, and I soon rose with the loss of what I had borrowed, finding myself at once without a Louis, and a hundred in debt.

I retired to rest, with no very agreeable sensations; and in the morning

my reflections were of the most distressing nature. In this situation I repaired to Madame de Ronquier for her advice; and having informed her of the circumstance, she declared that there was no other alternative than that of persevering in play to retrieve myself. Hundreds, she observed, in the capital, and many with whom I was acquainted, had no other means of support, and with the ways and means of the gaming-table were enabled to live in the best style and keep the best company. 'Witness,' said she, 'de Melville.' I shuddered. She further observed, that I could not, indeed, withdraw from the community, of which I was now a member, without incurring the imputation of a wish to win their money, and not being disposed to part with my own. To these she added many other argu-

ments, which, however well-founded, could not deprive me of the feeling which then oppressed me, not so much for the want of money, as the disgraceful necessity to which I was reduced of having recourse to gaming for the purpose of regaining my credit.

As Madame de Ronquier had frequently offered herself as my banker, I reminded her of her former professions, and indirectly applied to her for a loan to extricate me from my present embarrassments. She heard me with the utmost composure, and at length gave a polite, but positive refusal — Whence I concluded, that my friend wished only to keep cash for me, when I had it, and not to act as my banker in those cases of urgent necessity that

might call for the assistance of her own purse.

As I did not understand much of what was called banking business, I thought this might be the manner of those who adopted this mode of serving their friends; and I have since found that the custom is not confined to Paris.

CHAP. LV.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

BUT I was now involved, and what was to be done? I felt myself perfectly degraded, when I considered that I had foolishly squandered away what should pay my just debts, and that I must, if possible, by the trade of a gambler, defray them, and my debt of honour. It is impossible to describe what I felt; and yet I encouraged, as it were, those feelings, trusting that they would prove salutary to my future conduct, and, from their poignancy, act as an antidote against all propensity to gaming.

in future, further than as mere amusement.

In the midst of these reflections, and whilst I was yet ruminating on the means of retrievance, my mind bewildered, and my countenance, I suppose, in no very prepossessing state, entered the Comte du Mesnil. I instantly felt another mortification; and not being habituated to conceal my sensations, when they were those of self-reproach, my face was covered with crimson, as the Comte approached me.

‘Madam,’ said he, ‘I am happy to see you look so charmingly this morning, after the ill luck of last night.’—And I directly felt all my colour fled.

‘ But, doubtless,’ continued the Comte, ‘ you will have your revenge. The Goddess who presides at the table is notoriously fickle.’—And I felt my face flushed again with the reflection, that I should again be present at the orgies of Chance.

‘ You, Sir,’ I observed to the Comte, ‘ were so fortunate as to escape the frowns of the Goddess you mention, by not courting her smiles.’

‘ Madam,’ returned he, ‘ when I observe those smiles so partially bestowed, and that *your friends* are the gainers, I never wish to interfere.’

‘ But, Sir,’ I resumed, ‘ you did not stay long enough to see the termination of the night: otherwise I should not

have now to inform you, that *my friends* rose losers as well as myself—the Comtesse downright broken, and the Chevalier three hundred in debt.’

‘ And who,’ asked the Comte, ‘ was the fortunate hero of the night?’

‘ De Melville.’

‘ De Melville!’ re-echoed the Comte. ‘ Was *he* the lucky man?—Did he win *your* money, Madam?’

‘ Not in the former part of the evening. The Chevalier de Choiseul had the advantage; but his luck changed, and he lost all his winnings to de Melville, and three hundred Louis more, and borrowed a hundred for me to try with.’

‘Borrowed of *who*, Madam?’ said the Comte, with apparent anxiety.

‘Of de Melville, Sir.’

‘Then *you*, Madam, owe de Melville a hundred Louis?’

‘I do, Sir, as the Chevalier took them in my name, and for my use.’

‘You need not, however, Madam, hurry yourself. De Melville will not ask you for them; he will wait your reminding him. I wish,’ added the Comte, taking my hand, ‘I wish I were as much honoured by you as de Melville: you would permit me then to supply your losses; but so long as you will have the cruelty to regard me as a

still greater stranger than de Melville, I fear I shall solicit in vain.'

I thanked the Comte for his kindness, and assured him, that I should find no inconvenience in this business, and that de Melville should not wait many hours to be reminded of the obligation I owed him, by my discharging it.

The Comte respectfully withdrew.—His conversation and his manner rather alarmed me. The subject was such a one as I never thought it possible should occur to me. I was now left to my own reflections. The refusal of Madame de Ronquier to accommodate me; the ill luck of the Comtesse and the Chevalier; the knowledge that de

Melville was a mere gamester; the unpleasant light in which I must have appeared to the Comte du Mesnil,—were all circumstances that tended to humiliate and distress me.

These reflections were not a little embittered by the recollection that I was now in a state in which I should blush to behold him whom I could not but regard as the author of that peaceful happiness which I ought to have held sacred, and not to be controlled by any thing human, much less by the folly of which I had just been guilty. I even trembled when I indulged myself in the fancied event that Captain Boaden was now standing before me; that, instead of running to him with rapturous innocence, I should feel myself impelled to approach him as an

offended agent of Divine bounty, as
 one whose frown would kill me, and
 whose disappointment in my conduct
 would strike a dagger into my self-
 recriminating heart, while I knew
 his own would bleed with pity.

CHAP. LVI.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

I COULD not long endure thoughts so agonizing, and resolved to take some immediate measures for retrieving my credit, and reinstating myself, if possible, in my own good opinion. As Madame de Ronquier had not only refused me assistance, but had pointed out no way in which I could be instantly extricated from my embarrassed situation, I determined to consult the Comtesse, whom I expected to find in as serious a mood as myself.

In this, however, I was very much mistaken. I found her and de Melville together, and concluded that she had been borrowing from him a part of the money he had lately won from her. This unexpected meeting with de Melville, after what I had heard and my own suggestions, was rather *mal-à-propos*, and I was first at a loss whether I should apologize to him for the freedom I had taken as to the loan.— But the Comtesse soon put an end to my meditations, by exclaiming, ‘ Well, child! so this knave of diamonds, this right-hand man of good luck, ran away with all your money too last night.’

‘ Indeed, he did, Madam, and, what is worse, I am his debtor a hundred Louis.’

‘Madam,’ said de Melville, ‘I am sorry my honour of being your creditor will be so very short, as you will, doubtless, turn the tables on me to-night.’

‘I hope so,’ cried the Comtesse; but vanish, and let us see no more of you till we are prepared to beggar the winner.’

De Melville took his leave.

‘My dear Madam,’ said I, as soon as he was gone, ‘I am quite shocked at my folly in playing so deeply last night, and to be indebted to this gentleman really hurts me. Indeed you must advise me. As to play, I have nothing to sport; and if I had, I do not feel

myself inclined to run such risques in future.'

After laughing very heartily, the Comtesse told me, that I made a mountain of a mole-hill;—'and as to the trifle you owe de Melville, he can never expect it till you are as lucky as himself. But how, my dear, can you be so ridiculous as to talk of wanting money while Don Joseph gleams so brilliantly on your bosom? I am quite vexed,' continued the Comtesse, 'that we are so circumstanced, both the Chevalier and myself, that we cannot assist you; but I have really been obliged to a friend this morning. *Apropos*, the Chevalier shall transact this business; you must not be without money; and we will set furiously on de Melville to-

night, and beat the lucky devil all to nothing. Come, come along, let us find the Chevalier.'

'Pardon me, Madam,' I replied; 'I cannot just now accompany you, but will follow.'

I withdrew, and ran with precipitation to my own apartment, scarcely knowing whether I retained my own senses, or heard aright. The idea which the Comtesse had suggested respecting the picture of Don Joseph, which I constantly wore, and which was very richly set, was not less *nouvelle* than alarming. 'Good God!' thought I, 'to what am I reduced, that any person in the world should have it in their power to laugh at my necessities, and intimate such a mode of relieving

them!' I looked at the picture, and sighed. 'No,' said I, 'no, thou poor unfortunate, I will not part with thy resemblance. Thy death has rendered it at once dear and sacred; and I will not violate the rights of friendship, nor thus sacrifice this sad memento of hours mournfully pleasant, never to return!'

CHAP. LVII.THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

WHILST I was in this reverie, and my recollections were thus brought back to the scenes I had witnessed, and the story of the departed Don Joseph, I was summoned by a message from the Comtesse, reminding me that she was waiting for me.

I had no further time to deliberate. Something it was necessary for me to determine upon; and, with a sensation to which my mind had hitherto been a perfect stranger, I took the casket of

jewels given to me by Don Joseph, and, with an aching heart, descended the stairs. There was, I considered, no alternative; for the intimation of the Comtesse had given me to understand, that it were equally improper to be in debt, whilst I had jewels, as whilst I had money, and the idea that she had herself recourse to the same mode of raising money, in some, but indeed in a very slender degree, reconciled me to the proposition of supplying my present wants by adopting this expedient.

I found the Comtesse alone. ‘My dear,’ said she, as I entered, ‘the Chevalier has taken the carriage, and will speedily return with the friend who accommodates us on emergencies like the present.’

‘ Madam,’ I replied, ‘ I am much concerned that I should be thus troublesome to the Chevalier; but no infatuation shall induce me ever to give him or any other friend the like trouble in future.’

‘ Ridiculous!’ said the Comtesse, ‘ why, child, you talk of this *bagatelle* as if it were a life and death business. By the by, what is that charming picture worth? Do you know what it cost? But our friend will tell the precise value to a Louis.’

‘ My dear Madam,’ I said, ‘ you know the history of the ill fated Portuguese. His misfortunes have endeared his memory, and I cannot think of parting with his likeness.’

‘ Well, child, you are a romantic creature! Now parting with the picture of a dead man would never trouble me; and as to a living admirer, I would do it to vex him. However, I think, we may reconcile your scruples: you may retain the man, you know, child, only strip him of his jewels.’

‘ Alas! no, Madam: Don Joseph had a rich, though a broken heart; and I will not deprive his resemblance of what, though but faintly, may convey an idea of his illumined mind. To prevent such a sacrifice, see, my dear Madam, here are other gifts of Don Joseph: I do not feel as if I should so much dishonour the spirit of Friendship by losing these; though I am well aware that nothing but a necessity like the present can at all justify me; and when

I consider how that necessity was incurred——’

‘O child!’ interrupted the Comtesse, ‘never consider about it: only consider, that by selling the diamonds, you will get money enough to pay your duns, and to try your luck again.’

She had scarcely spoken, when the Chevalier de Choiseul entered with a gentleman, whom the Comtesse immediately presented to me as her jeweller, as a man of great integrity, and an exquisite judge of the various articles in which he was a dealer. She yet held the casket in her hand, from which I had taken such trinkets as I was determined to preserve. She gave it to the jeweller, who asked what money the

young Lady wished to have upon the articles? The Comtesse replied, that he must advance to the full value of them. 'I wish,' replied he, 'the jewels were of the value they appear to be; I should then be able to give for them five hundred Louis; but this brilliant, for instance, in the centre here, is surrounded with diamonds of a very inferior nature. This ring, too, which is very handsome, is not of good water. But, I dare say, the young Lady knows at what value they are estimated.'

I declared that I was unacquainted with the intrinsic worth of them.

'I cannot,' resumed the jeweller, 'advance more than two hundred Louis.'

[III]

The Chevalier declared his ignorance in such things, but vouched for the honour and skill of his friend; and the Comtesse thought I was immensely lucky to possess jewels sufficient to answer any purpose, without giving up Don Melancholy.

I received the money, and the jeweller departed.

CHAP. LVIII.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

THOUGH I felt a sort of shame in a transaction that struck me as very humiliating, I was yet greatly relieved by having it in my power to discharge de Melville, and instantly gave a hundred Louis to the Chevalier, entreating him to do me the favour to see de Melville paid as soon as possible.

‘ My dear friend,’ said the Chevalier,
 ‘ I am sorry you think of it till you meet him; nevertheless, as you seem anxious on the occasion, I will go di-

rectly and pay him, which, by the way, I should have done this morning, had I been in cash, because, you know, I am your debtor for just the money.'—
The Chevalier disappeared.

The morning was now past, and the hour of dressing arrived. My mind was full of the idea of what had passed, and the indifference which the Comtesse expressed on the occasions I had consulted her upon, and which came so near to my heart, as at once astonished and grieved me, because I thought her an amiable woman; but she lost in my estimation, in proportion as I discovered, or fancied I discovered, a want of that feminine softness and delicacy, that sweet susceptibility, which surely ought to be the leading grace of the female mind..

This led me involuntarily to reflections on her conduct as to the Chevalier de Choiseul, which I could by no means reconcile to my ideas of propriety. Perhaps the temper into which the circumstances of the day had driven me made me judge harshly: but I thought it was impossible, in the nature of things, that the customs of any country could possibly justify such conduct as I had, in a manner, been compelled to witness. ‘Surely,’ said I, ‘let the Comte de Soissons be what he may, whether aged or deformed, his Lady should be somewhat more circumspect at least: but his arrival, I suppose, will put a period to this species of intercourse.’

My further reflections were interrupted by Madame de Ronquier calling

on me in her way to the dining-parlour, where we found a good deal of company—the Comtesse and Chevalier in high spirits; and I learned that a great supper was to be given by the Comtesse to the large and splendid circle that was expected to attend her faro-tables that evening. I was well pleased to hear this, because I knew that I should be the less noticed, and might play or decline it, as I judged most expedient.

At the usual hour Madame de Ronquier and I repaired to the gaming-table. The company was, indeed, numerous, and play very general. We went to the table at which were seated the Comtesse, the Chevalier, and de Melville, to whom I whispered my thanks for his last night's loan, in which the Chevalier interrupted me, by ask-

ing me to take a seat: his request was re-echoed by the Comtesse and Madame de Ronquier, who immediately began playing.

CHAP. LIX.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

I PERSEVERED in my determination to play moderately, and was moderately winning, while Madame de Ronquier appeared to me to be immoderately losing; and at length, with perfect *sang-froid*, exclaimed, 'My dear Ellen, I am horribly out of luck—lend me a rouleau.' Not having yet forgotten the mortification I had suffered by her refusal to accommodate me, I was a little startled at the request, and astonished at the manner in which it was made. As she asked me openly

before the company, part of whom knew I was in possession of a hundred Louis, besides what I had been winning, I had ~~no pretext~~ to refuse her, and instantly gave her the money.

I had no sooner done this, than it occurred to my recollection that I had not yet paid those debts which, though not denominated debts of honour, are yet debts that it is dishonourable not to pay: and, lest Madame de Ronquier should prove unsuccessful, I began to play for larger sums to cover my exigencies, and to preserve me from a repetition of the scenes and mortifications I had so recently experienced. Fortune favoured me; but the night was so far advanced, that, before I could avail myself of the advantages that seemed to await me, a summons to the

supper room left the gaming-table deserted, with a general intimation that they should be resumed when that repast was over.

This was a perfect *gala* night. I had never seen magnificence of such extent, nor splendour in such variety. The room was beautifully illuminated; the supper served in costly covers; and the company did honour, by their appearance, to the surrounding scenery.

The seats were no sooner occupied, and the business of serving the guests commenced, than the Comte du Mesnil, scarcely announced, presented himself, and, running up to the Comtesse de Soissons, exclaimed, ‘ My dear Comtesse, permit me to introduce a friend and a stranger; and, going to the door,

returned with a gentleman, whose figure and deportment instantly struck me as at once graceful and noble:—
 ‘Behold,’ said du Mesnil, ‘our dear friend the Comte de Soissons!’

All the company instantly arose, whilst the Comte prevented his Lady quitting her seat to receive him, by instantly flying to her; and, having embraced her with tenderness, requested the guests to resume their places, Comte du Mesnil and himself taking their seats at the festive board.

My attention was much attracted by the Comte de Soissons, whom I could not help considering as one of the handsomest men I had ever beheld, and my amazement at the conduct of his Lady increased accordingly. I thought, too,

that I never saw the Comte du Mesnil to such advantage: such is the natural effect of elegant association. I considered the Comte de Soissons as an affectionate and charming husband, whose attentions were ill requited; and the Comte du Mesnil, as his friend, sensible of his virtues, and aware of the dangers to which his honour was exposed.

Among the other astonishments of the evening, it was not my least to observe that the Chevalier de Choiseul was no way confounded by the sudden appearance of the Comte de Soissons, but met him with the utmost cordiality, and seemed indeed to engross no small portion of the Comte's conversation and attention.

The supper being over, part of the company returned to the faro tables, whilst a convivial party remained with the Comte de Soissons over the bottle. Du Mesnil now came to make his inquiries, and pay his respects to me, requesting I would permit him to accompany me to the tables, whither, he supposed, I meant to go. I told him, I had no desire to play. ‘Have you had your revenge of de Melville?’ he asked. I informed him, I had played at the same table in the early part of the night, and that I had won a little; but that I had been too impatient of obligation, to wait the evening and the chance of cards, and had repaid de Melville in the morning.

‘Madam,’ said the Comte, ‘I am not less charmed with your conduct and

your sentiments, than with those graces that have captivated so many hearts in Paris. Suffer me to present to you my friend the Comte de Soissons, that he may pay you the respect due to you as a lady whom I love and esteem, and who is every way worthy of his friendly regard.'

'I am perfectly sensible,' I replied, 'of the honour the Comte du Mesnil does me by his attentions; and I confess that I think the Comte de Soissons happy in having so amiable a friend. But I must beg leave to decline listening to those professions of gallantry, which seem rather to be the universal language here, and which it were, indeed, folly to regard more than as passing compliments when addressed to a stranger.'

During this conversation we were proceeding to the faro room, and were now passing through an anti chamber. The Comte had hold of my hand, and entreated me to stay and hear him declare the sacred sentiments of his mind. ‘ You are no stranger to me, Madam,’ he said ; ‘ my heart could not but acknowledge you as its sovereign the moment I beheld you, while those excellencies which distinguish your mind assure me that it is in your power to render the whole of my life as happy as it will be miserable, should you deem my professions as the common effusions of general gallantry.’

I was going to reply, when the Comte de Soissons was coming in haste through the anti room. ‘ Ah, my dear du Mesnil !’ cried he, ‘ have I detected

you *tete-a-tete* with the fair stranger, to whom I was anxious to pay my respects, and to give my welcome to this house?' He bowed gracefully, and, kissing my hand, asked his friend by what name he should salute me?

Du Mesnil replied, that he had just been intreating the honour of introducing the Comte to me, as to one for whom he had the most particular regard. 'We are indebted for the company of this young and amiable lady to our old friend Madame de Ronquier.'

'De Ronquier!' exclaimed the Comte de Soissons, fixing his eyes on me with an earnest gaze. 'De Ronquier,' continued he, 'has greatly enriched our

society, while she has endangered our hearts. But I was coming for you, du Mesnil, to rejoin us—to quit the dull gaming-table for the sparkling glass. I cannot, however, be so cruel as to wish to divide you from what is infinitely more animating than the best wines in my cellars.'

He proceeded with us, however, to the tables, and, when I had taken my seat, they both returned to the party in the supper-room, and I was once more left to the amusement of play.—The company was already too deeply engaged to notice my proceedings, and, after fortunately winning as much as I was convinced would discharge my pecuniary obligations, I declined all further risque; becoming a spectator of the

amazing success of the Comtesse and her party, the Chevalier and de Melville, who seemed, in the course of the night, to have entirely swept away the contents of the faro-bank.

CHAP. LX.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

I RETIRED to my pillow with a determination to renounce play altogether, considering, at the same time, that neither solicitation nor ridicule ought to induce me to give up the resolution of not exposing my peace or my circumstances to the caprices of Chance. I seriously condemned myself for not having, in the first instance, felt that abhorrence to gaming, which every mind of principle must naturally feel for whatever is irrational and unjust; and that there could not exist a

being more contemptible than the slave of a card; while the fascination of great example, with weak minds and corrupt hearts, was the gamester's only apology. And now it first occurred to me, that every female gamester must sacrifice much of that feminine softness and delicacy which are the sweetest characteristics of the sex; and I absolutely dreaded to recur to my memory for a recollection of the moments in which I had been unsuccessful. What now passed in my mind served fully to confirm the resolution I had just made, and I thought I slept the better, and rose in the morning with a heart more cheerful, and a mind more at ease.

Madame de Ronquier came into my room before I was dressed. She began

by inquiring what had been my success at play? what I thought of the supper? how I liked the Comte de Soissons? and what I determined to do with that poor devil du Mesnil, 'who, I am sure,' said she, 'is downright smitten with you, because I cannot get him to talk about you? and when a gallant man refuses to jest about a pretty woman, he must be far gone indeed.'

'Pray, my dear Madam,' said I, 'which of your inquiries do you wish me to answer first? As to the Comte du Mesnil, I regard his attentions as I do those of the other Comtes who say the very same things to you, to me, and to every woman with whom they happen to converse. With respect to the Comte de Soissons, I am quite disappointed in him——'

‘Disappointed!’ exclaimed Madame de Ronquier; ‘why, do you know he is reckoned as elegant and as gallant a man as any in Paris.’

‘That,’ replied I, ‘is the very circumstance in which I am disappointed: for I had never heard him mentioned but as the husband of the Comtesse; and she seemed to be too happy in his absence, and too attentive to the civilities of the Chevalier de Choiseul, to induce me to imagine that the Comte de Soissons could be either young or handsome.’

‘Well, my dear,’ replied Madame de Ronquier, ‘I am glad you know him to be young, and think him to be, as indeed he is, handsome. But, come, let us see how he looks by day light.’—

And away we tripped to join the breakfast party, which consisted of the Comte and his Lady, the Chevalier de Choiseul, and Monsieur de Melville. Their tongues were all going at once, and all expressing the same opinions on a subject which had just become public,—the elopement of a Lady of distinction with a *Chevalier d'Industrie*. They all condemned her, not for the intrigue, but for exposing herself so ridiculously; and the Comtesse said, that she ought to have had more discretion than to act so childishly, especially as her husband was a good creature, that never thwarted his wife in her inclinations.

Whilst these comments were making, the Comte de Soissons had entered into conversation with me, mentioning various parts of Switzerland in which

he had travelled, and expressing his regard for the Swiss, and the dangers his heart had encountered among the beauties of the mountains; ‘from all which,’ said he, ‘I thought I had for ever escaped, but you, Madam, convey to my mind the united charms of that and all other countries, and I must declare myself your slave.’

The Comte de Soissons never ceased, upon all occasions, to express himself to me in terms of the warmest gallantry; nor did I perceive the Comtesse and the Chevalier at all vary in the manner of conducting themselves; whence I concluded that these were, indeed, the manners of the country, and I felt great compunction for having injured, in my mind, the fair fame of the Comtesse de Soissons.

A considerable time now passed, in which I enjoyed more satisfaction than I had before experienced in Paris. I had positively declined gaming, but I neglected no other amusements that could at all contribute either to my pleasure or my instruction.

The Comte du Mesnil continued his professions and his attachment, and endeavoured, by the kindest attentions, to convince me of the sincerity of his regard. I now began to discover that those attentions would have been particularly acceptable to Madame de Ronquier, who in her behaviour evinced that he had made a conquest, and that the addresses of de Melville, who was solicitous of an union with her, were entirely lost upon her.

CHAP. LXI.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

A LONG time had now elapsed since I had executed the last wishes of Don Joseph, by forwarding to Donna Maria Sebastian, at Madrid, her picture, with a line requesting her to acknowledge the receipt of it. No such acknowledgement had yet arrived, and I began to be fearful lest it should not have reached her in safety; for I could hardly suppose that the sensations the return of it might excite, could prevent her satisfying me as to the circumstance of its arrival; I therefore determined to write

to her. This employment recalled to my mind all the events of Don Joseph's life, and the various transitions of my own. I underwent a sort of self examination, calculating what I had gained by my visit to Paris, how far I had enriched my mind, expanded my ideas, and meliorated my heart. The result was not so satisfactory as might have been wished. I found that I had not participated in any of those intellectual felicities which I enjoyed in the company of Captain Boaden, nor in those pensive pleasures which I derived from the sad and mournful society of Don Joseph.

The fluttering gaieties of Paris had not effaced from my mind whatever I ought to have cherished; and I again congratulated myself on my escape

from the contagion of the gaming-table, and its never-failing attendants, inquietude and dissipation.

Whilst I was waiting, with some degree of anxiety, a reply to my letter from Donna Maria, the Comte du Mesnil had become more than usually assiduous, and de Soissons had increased in those importunities which were now too troublesome to be the effect of mere complaisance. I began to imagine that the Comte was really profligate; and that the Comtesse might possibly be driven, by his behaviour, to adopt such a conduct as, by exciting his jealousy, might make him refrain from pursuits so unworthy of himself, and so disagreeable to her.

I was not long left at a loss to understand the ultimate intentions of the Comte de Soissons. Madame de Ronquier had repeatedly spoken in his praise, and rallied me on the subject of his gallantry towards me. She ridiculed my prudery, as she called it, in slighting the addresses of such a man. 'As to du Mesnil,' said she, 'he is nothing to compare with de Soissons, and it is really ridiculous in you to reject the attentions of so charming a lover.'

At this instant the Comte de Soissons entered. I was in the utmost confusion, which the Comte observing, and interpreting perhaps favourably, became doubly importunate; not a little encouraged by the singular, and, as I thought, broad language of Madame de Ronquier.

My eyes were now opened, and, extricating myself from the Comte, and darting a look of disdain at Madame de Ronquier, I rushed out of the room, so overwhelmed with ideas which shocked me, that I scarcely avoided fainting when I reached my own apartment.

I had not long deliberated on these extraordinary circumstances, and my peculiar situation, before I concluded it to be the most adviseable step to consult with the Comtesse, whom I now regarded as a joint sufferer with myself; and, after I had somewhat recovered myself, I was proceeding to her apartment, when my progress was arrested by observing her and the Chevalier in close conference, and I proceeded to the garden, where I was soon joined by the Comte du Mesnil, who

remarked on my countenance, and expressed his apprehension that I was indisposed. At this moment a servant brought me a letter from Donna Maria Sebastian; in which, after numberless expressions of civility and kindness, she informed me, that she had not received the picture I mentioned, nor any former letter from me. 'Madam,' said the Comte, 'I am grieved that you should read unwelcome news; and I see that the letter, which you hold in your hand, bears no good tidings.'

'Indeed, Sir,' I replied, 'I am much disappointed. I believe that, on an occasion of your rallying me on the subject of this miniature, I told you the history of Don Joseph, and his dying wish that I would transmit the picture of Donna Maria to Madrid. I sent it

from hence, but it has not yet arrived, and I am fearful some mischance has befallen it. The Chevalier de Choiseul kindly undertook the charge of forwarding it.'

'Madam,' said the Comte, 'it is sometimes difficult to transmit to such a distance, and with safety, parcels so valuable. I am sorry,' continued the Comte, 'to hear of the dreadful crash the Comtesse and Chevalier sustained last night. Was you, Madam, at the faro-table?'

'No, Sir,—what crash?'

'O, tremendous!—Madame la Comtesse lost her money and jewels, and the Chevalier was detected in unfair practices. Madame de Ronquier is in-

cluded in the opprobrium, and all Paris rings with the intelligence. I am happy, my dear Madam, that you was fortunately out of the company of *your friends.*'

As I had declined even visiting the tables, I had not heard a word of this before, and began to consider what I ought to do. I found that, on many accounts, it would be indiscreet for me to remain longer under the roof of the Comtesse de Soissons.

'I confess myself under an obligation to the Comte du Mesnil,' I said, addressing myself to him, 'for the intimation he has given me; and I begin to perceive the meaning of his peculiar manner of mentioning *my friends.* This last account is, indeed, alarming; and,

perhaps, I shall be taxed with extreme imprudence if I remain longer in this house: yet I see not how I can, without ingratitude and impropriety, desert Madame de Ronquier, to whose friendship I am indebted for my knowledge of Paris.'

'I, too, am highly indebted to her' replied the Comte, 'for my knowledge of you; and yet I shall deem myself the most miserable of beings, should you quit Paris without honouring me with your confidence.'

Perceiving Madame de Ronquier and the Comte de Soissons approach, I took the opportunity of withdrawing.

CHAP. LXII.**THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.**

AMONG the visitors of the Comtesse was a young lady of the name of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, to whom I had been much attached. She had been educated in the first style of fashion, and the desire of her parents to bring her into the world was somewhat premature. Her constitution was delicate in the extreme, and the late hours to which she had been too soon accustomed, had nearly ruined her health. It was now deemed right for her to

travel; and she paid me the compliment of saying, that she should quit Paris with the more regret whilst I was in it, and wished I could possibly accompany her into Switzerland, whither it had been determined she should go.

I had no sooner left the two Comtes and Madame de Ronquier together, than I paid a visit to my young friend, who had been in my confidence some time, and to whom I related all that had passed, and the necessity I felt myself under of leaving Paris.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier expressed her joy at hearing this, and insisted, by the rights of friendship, that I should accompany her into Switzerland. I thought this a favourable op-

portunity of bidding farewell to Paris, and promised to accept my friend's invitation.

On my return from Mademoiselle de Montpensier, I was met by de Melville, who, after stating that he had a run of 'cursed ill-luck,' hoped I would make it convenient to return him the hundred Louis he had been honoured in lending me.

'Surely, Sir,' cried I, 'you forget that I returned them the very next morning. The Comtesse de Soissons knows it, and the Chevalier de Choiseul was the person who conveyed them.'

'As to the Comtesse,' replied de Melville, 'I pay no regard to what she says. I have no doubt but the Cheva-

lier might convey the money—into his own pocket, and there is no redress to be had of him, for he has now conveyed himself from Paris, where he dare not shew his face. I fancy,' continued he, 'the Comtesse must soon follow him, or at least his example.'

I was thunderstruck, and requested de Melville to call on me the next morning.

It is impossible to describe what I felt on this subject. I knew not in what way I was to again discharge this demand of de Melville. The Chevalier was now in my debt two hundred Louis; Madame de Ronquier owed me another hundred: but they were ruined, and such of my jewels as I could possibly think of disposing of were gone.

My mind was bewildered, and I even felt a reluctance to return to the mansion of the Comte de Soissons. The behaviour of Madame de Ronquier had disgusted me; that of the Comte was insufferable: but I thought I was bound to console the Comtesse, and to solicit her advice in my present situation. — But no opportunity occurred this day, the Comte and Comtesse dining out, and I had engaged to pass the evening with my young friend Mademoiselle de Montpensier, to whom I related the events that afflicted me, and who insisted on my taking as much money as would free me from all uneasiness, and especially to satisfy de Melville.

CHAP. LXIII.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

THE next morning I received a visit from the Comte du Mesnil, and whilst he was relating to me the particulars of the circumstances which had stripped the Comtesse, and banished the Chevalier, de Melville was announced. I apologized to the Comte, observing, that it was now necessary I should pay my debt of honour. When de Melville entered, I offered him the money; but, seeing du Mesnil, he started back, and refused to take it. ‘Sir,’ I said, ‘this

is the loan you obliged me with, and which you asked me for yesterday.'

'I dare say,' said the Comte, 'Monsieur de Melville now recollects the Chevalier, by whom you sent it, having paid him.'

The confusion of de Melville increased, and, apologizing for his forgetfulness in the multiplicity of these little things, precipitately withdrew.

'Indeed, Sir,' said I, addressing the Comte, 'I feel that I am obliged to you for saving me a hundred Louis; for this de Melville was yesterday importunate for the payment, assuring me that the Chevalier had never given him the money.'

‘ I knew,’ replied the Comte, ‘ he had received it. I am happy that you have suffered so little in the society to which you have been introduced, which, however fashionable, is not the less dangerous. Your discretion is truly astonishing; and the moment you fixed on to renounce the gaming-table was propitious to your welfare. But may I ask what is your destination? for I presume you do not mean to continue here, as the Comtesse talks of a temporary retirement in the country, and the Comte is officially summoned to quit Paris on military business.’

‘ You know, Sir,’ I answered, ‘ Mademoiselle Montpensier: she is amiable, but she has not escaped the vortex of early dissipation without impairing her health; she is advised to visit Swit-

zerland, and I have promised to accompany her.'

'Switzerland! Do you then quit the gaieties of Paris for the wild scenery of Switzerland? I dare not ask your permission to be of the party; but suffer me to inquire after your welfare, by favouring me with your address, and receiving my letters. You will, perhaps, have commissions for Paris, and, as your friends will be absent, let me be honoured with your wishes.'

I assured the Comte, I would avail myself of his kindness when occasion required.

He no sooner withdrew, than I hastened to the Comtesse to express my acknowledgements for her kindness; to

offer my consolations on the losses she had sustained; and to inform her of my intended departure from Paris.

I found her with the Comte and Madame de Ronquier, and the moment I entered, they burst into a violent fit of laughter, and began most unmercifully to ridicule my reception of the Comte's gallantries, and my secret attachment, as they termed it, to du Mesnil.

'Indeed,' said the Comtesse, 'I could never have imagined that my dear Comte had been so horrid a creature; but I fancy his manner has not enough of sentiment in it: when we get into the country, perhaps, you will like him better. We shall have a charming party: the Chevalier de Choiseul, and that dear rattle, de Melville, will soon

join us; and we shall be at a very short distance from the Comte's regiment.— So prepare; we are all off in a day or two.'

Madame de Ronquier observed, that she had no doubt but du Mesnil would follow, and that, for her own part, she could not think of quitting her dear sister the Comtesse, till she again saw her happily restored to the splendours of Paris.

This reception and this conversation were so widely different from what I expected, that I was at a loss whether to communicate my intention of going into Switzerland, or to postpone it.— The entrance of a large party compelled me to drop the subject; and I was witness to another instance of the

unaccountable disposition of the Comtesse, who, I found, wanted none of the consolations which I had in contemplation, but joined the general hilarity of the company with infinite vivacity.

CHAP. LXIV

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

IT had been settled by the friends of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, that we should be accompanied by her brother, who had before been in Switzerland, and had formed some valuable connections at Lausanne, to which, indeed, he was impatient to return, having, as his sister informed me, conceived a tender regard for a native of that place. Every thing was ready for our departure; and I thought it the most expedient to write notes to the Comtesse and Madame de Ronquier of the step

I was taking; of the desire I had to see Switzerland; and of the necessity of my sudden departure, in order to have the company of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, at whose house I slept that night, as we were to set off early the next morning.

I arose two hours before the appointed time. The room, in which I had slept, commanded an extensive view of a great part of Paris. I passed some time at the window, bidding, as it were, a mental adieu to that gay city. I contemplated on all that I had seen and heard since I became a resident in it; and I found that few were its captivations for my mind, and few its pleasures that were not too much tinged with folly.

The hour of departure arrived; and we soon found ourselves several miles from Paris, in an easy and elegant carriage, accompanied by the brother of my friend, whose conversation was amusing, and whose good spirits seemed to increase in proportion as we receded from his native place, and approached nearer to that of the woman he loved.

As nothing particular occurred on the road, and as it is not my intention to describe those views of Nature which have employed innumerable pens, and given birth to innumerable pictures, behold me then at Lausanne.

Our lodgings had been previously engaged by the Baron de Montpensier, and we found ourselves commodiously

and comfortably situated, and were soon introduced to the young lady who had captivated his affections, and who lived within a few doors of our place of residence. Her name was Louise de Bassompierre. She was about nineteen; though not beautiful, yet her manner was very attractive, her voice indescribably sweet, and her conversation, neither too light nor too serious, seemed to insure her the love of all who heard her. She became, of course, our constant companion, and did not affect to be insensible of the young Baron's love, but received his addresses with politeness, protesting, at the same time, that her heart had not yet felt any sentiment tenderer than that of friendship. Her father was a man of an ancient family, and of great respectability: he had been many years an inhabitant of

Geneva, and became one of Lausanne, because the estate on which he lived was given him on condition that Lausanne should be the principal place of his abode. The mother of Louise had been long dead, and she had neither brother nor sister.

In the select societies of Lausanne our time passed very pleasantly, for several months, and with all the satisfaction to be derived from sincere friendship, elegant amusements, and rational improvements.

The Baron became importunate in his entreaties to the father of Louise, and he had, on every occasion, so far evinced the truth and tenderness of his attachment, that Louise began to fancy the day in which, perchance, she had

not seen him, as a blank in the Calendar. The Baron had no family control: his parents were no more; and his sister soon became his advocate with Mademoiselle de Bassompierre—an office in which I heartily joined her, convinced that he would find true felicity in the virtues of Louise. Monsieur de Bassompierre at length consented, and Louise became the Baroness de Montpensier.

CHAP. LXV.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

SHORTLY after this event, some necessary affairs called the Baron to Paris, whither his bride accompanied him, while his sister and myself were left under the occasional protection of Monsieur de Bassompierre.

Our first letter from Paris informed us, that it was indispensably requisite for the Baron to proceed almost instantly to those parts of America where he had great property, which he was in danger of losing. This circumstance

gave us much uneasiness; and we shed many tears over the affectionate letter of Louise, which contained at once a communication of the sad tidings, and her farewell.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier was authorized to receive from Monsieur de Bassompierre the annuity which her brother allowed her, till she should think proper to claim her fortune; and the Baron advised her remaining at Lausanne till he should have re-crossed the Atlantic, which he promised should be as speedily as possible, since it would not be necessary for him to remain long in America.

The health of Mademoiselle de Montpensier had undergone no material alteration since our arrival at Lausanne:

the revolution of the season had now a visible effect on her, and, three months after the Baron's departure, she became very ill. Deeply did we regret the unfortunate absence of her brother and Louise; whose father did not conduct himself with that kindness which might have been wished, and which the situation of my fair friend required.

It was with the most heartfelt concern that I observed the changes her disorder wrought upon her. She was by far too delicate long to resist the attacks of her malady, and was soon reduced to a faint but beautiful shadow. Sadly and sorrowfully passed the nights and days as I sat by her bedside, while, by sweet and soothing consolations, she flattered herself, and would fain persuade me, that she was reco-

vering. Alas! I knew that it was the fatal illusion of the disorder. I knew she could not long remain in this state, and shortly afterwards the cruel fever burned on her cheek, dried the soft moisture of her eye, and fired her brain. Thousands of tears did I shed over the wan form of my beloved friend, who seemed no longer sensible of my attentions, but, in wild delirium, uttered the most melancholy incoherencies.— The physicians gave me no hope: the sad presentiments of my own heart would indeed have contradicted every intimation that should suggest her recovery.

She had lain in this state many days, when the delirium subsided, and she fell into a sleep which lasted several hours—so long, that I was apprehen-

sive it was the sleep of death—and almost every five minutes I pulled the curtain aside to discover whether my fears were true. At length, however, she awoke in great serenity, and, stretching forth her feeble arms, signified that she wished to embrace me.—‘Join with me, my dear Ellen,’ she said, ‘in returning thanks to Heaven for the sleep I have enjoyed, and the composure I feel.’—My tears fell fast upon her bosom.—‘Nay, my sweet friend,’ she continued, ‘do not weep. I shall now soon be better, or my feelings strangely deceive me. I know not where my senses have lately wandered. I seem to have been in strange regions, but I have seen nothing like my Ellen. Lest, however, this sweet sleep should be the forerunner of eternal rest, let me entreat thee to observe my last

wishes:—Send for some proper person that may witness I leave to thee the whole of all I possess. My dear brother is rich, and he loves thee as I do; and he will love thee still more, when he has no sister; he will suffer my loss the less, when he shall find another sister in my Ellen. Melancholy is the task I impose. Alas! I perceive I am too feeble to talk, and fanciful visions dim my eyes. I have no tears, Ellen—ah, how sad is it that I am denied the sacred moisture!—but do as I have told thee—I feel the fever return!”—And she gave me her burning hand. I saw faint flushes overspread her countenance in quick succession; the deep crimson succeeded, but quickly gave place to the deadly pale. Again she raised her arms out of bed, folding her hands as in the act of supplication. I

stooped to give moisture to her parched lips, by joining mine to them. At that moment I marked the sudden and cold sweat pervade her temples, and, as my lips approached her's, she breathed her last sigh!

I involuntarily threw myself on my knees, and, clasping her hands in mine, continued to look stedfastly in her face for some time. Too soon I perceived that the breath of life was gone for ever, and that she, the lovely friend, who but a few minutes before was addressing me by every endearing epithet, was now no more!

CHAP. LXVI.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

AS soon as I could with propriety, I sent to inform Monsieur de Bassompierre of this melancholy event. It happened, however, that he was gone to Geneva, and when I forwarded an express to that place, I found that he had quitted it, and that it was not known what route he had taken. Thus was I left alone to deposit the remains of my poor friend, and gave the necessary directions accordingly.

How rapid and how strange are the transitions of life! I had very lately been surrounded by the most agreeable associates, blessed with the gratifications of friendly intercourse, and happy in the virtuous and amiable qualities of my connections. I was now a solitary being, afflicted with the loss of them all, and following the dearest of these friends to her grave.

This solemn ceremony performed, I began to reflect on my situation, and to see into my circumstances; and I found that, when the necessary expences were discharged, I should have but a very small sum remaining. I had contracted no particular intimacy with any person in Lausanne, whom I might consult, and I knew that I could

not expect to continue in a lodging-house, without punctuality in payment. A quarter's rent would soon be due; the money of Mademoiselle de Montpensier had been nearly all expended in her illness, and it was not likely that Monsieur de Bassompierre would advance any thing to the friend of her to whom he had not extended much civility. There was, indeed, a friend of the Baron, who, like Monsieur de Bassompierre, had been an inhabitant of Geneva, and I was glad to recollect him, because the Baron had always mentioned him in terms of the highest respect and regard, as a man of strict integrity and much benevolence. His name was Kenebel, but unfortunately he was gone to England.

After I had been some time settled at Lausanne, I had written to the Comtesse de Soissons and Madame de Ronquier, to make a fuller acknowledgement of their civilities; but I had received no answer to my letters; and I now thought of addressing the latter on a pecuniary subject, as she had never discharged the loan I had advanced her, and to entreat her to mention to the Chevalier de Choiseul how much I should be obliged by a remittance of the money he owed me. I was just on the point of finishing this letter to Madame de Ronquier, when, to my great surprize, she was announced, and speedily made her appearance, accompanied by de Melville.

This I thought extremely fortunate. Madame de Ronquier ran up to me, ex-

claiming, ' Well, my dear, this Lausanne is a delightful place! Do you know, de Melville and I are come to pass the winter here: we can do nothing in Paris. I hope you have play here—good parties—plenty of money.'

' Pray, my dear Madam,' interrupted I, ' how does the Comtesse?'

' Good knows,' replied she, ' the Comtesse and the Chevalier are at some devil's tricks or other—I fancy seeking adventures—rich ones, I hope—in some of the provinces—for you must know, child, we can none of us return to Paris with empty purses.'

' I am glad,' said I, ' that you like Lausanne: but as to play, or whether there be any play here, I know not. I

have never been in that kind of gay society since I came here; but you will soon learn what the place affords.'

'Doubtless,' answered de Melville; but I know they play here, and that there are some English residents who have plenty of money, and spirit to sport it: THEY must be our game.'

'O, to be sure!' resumed Madame de Ronquier, 'and then, my dear Ellen, I shall not forget that I am your debtor: so adieu!—see you to morrow. Come, de Melville, show me what place you have provided as my hotel.' And away they went, with as much precipitation as they entered.

CHAP. LXVII.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

I WAS determined, the next morning, to inquire the place of their residence, and to send a line to Madame de Ronquier, expressive of my situation, and of the necessity I was under of requesting a return of at least a part of the money she owed me. I wrote accordingly, and, in the forenoon, dispatched a servant on this embassy, who in about an hour returned with my letter, and the information that the lady and gentleman had quitted Lausanne.

‘Quitted Lausanne!—impossible!—
Why, they came but last night *to* Lau-
sanne, and meant to stay the winter.’

‘Madam,’ replied the servant, ‘the
gentleman and lady be’n’t married!’

‘Married!—Madame de Ronquier
and de Melville married!—Why, no.—
Who said they were?’

‘That’s the very thing, Madam,’ re-
sumed the man; ‘ladies and gentlemen
that live as man and wife in Lausanne,
without being such, are never per-
mitted to stay two nights in it; so the
lady and gentleman are discharged the
town, and are off.’

Thus in an instant vanished all my
hopes of recovering my debts of ho-

nour, and the hour was fast approaching, in which three times more than I possessed would be demanded of me.— This rendered me extremely dejected; and the want of soothing society, and the reliefs of friendship, to which I had been so long and so happily accustomed, rendered me wretched. I had the most dreadful forebodings; my spirits became weak, and I yielded to those mental impressions which brought on an illness, and soon confined me to my bed.

I had still the consolation that my next remittances from the bounty of my ever-beloved friend, Capt. Boaden, would extricate me from my difficulties, as, not having immediate occasion for the allowance of his generosity,

there were three quarters due to me, for which I had now written, but which, I knew, could not arrive till some days after the emergency for which I wanted it.

Finding my health still declining, I requested to see the wife of the person in whose house I was residing, and informed her of the circumstance of my remittance. She kindly assured me, that so small a time should make no difference, and advised me, as I was under the necessity of having recourse to a physician, not to sleep without an attendant to sit up with me.

To this I acceded, and an elderly, decent-looking woman was provided. My illness increased, and I could not

help imagining that I was on the eve of following the beloved Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

The time of my payment came, but my remittances did not arrive. My distress heightened my disorder. I became insensible: how long I remained so, I know not. When I was somewhat recovered, I found myself in another apartment, greatly inferior to that from which I had been removed. I knew not whether it was in the same house, till the mistress of it appeared before me, to congratulate me on the return of my reason, and to know in what manner I meant to pay the bill that was due, as there was no likelihood of money from England, and she supposed, she said, there never was.

In this most calamitous dilemma it occurred to me that I might dispose, not of the picture of Don Joseph, but of that of the Marchioness de Pombal, which formed a part of the jewels in the casket he had given me, and which I had yet reserved. I desired the good woman to bring my cabinet to the bed, which she did, when, to my utter grief and amazement, I found the casket was gone, and the picture of Don Joseph, which lay loose in the cabinet, was also missing. After some involuntary exclamations, I fainted, and, on my recovery, desired the woman who attended on me might be called; but it appeared that she had declared I was incapable of paying for her services, and had not only quitted me, during the paroxysms of my disorder, but had left Lausanne.

I had no longer a doubt as to what was become of my pictures, which, as I had never used them since the death of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, my hostess would not believe but I had made away with long since.

‘ Good God!’ cried I, ‘ what is to become of me?’

‘ God only knows,’ replied the woman; ‘ but you cannot expect to stay here without money: so please to provide yourself as soon as possible.’ And she left the room.

I now cast my eyes around my dismal apartment, and found myself strong enough to examine my cabinet, from which I discovered that every thing of value had been taken.

I still flattered myself that I should have remittances by the next post from England, and it is impossible to tell how my heart fluttered, when a letter from thence was delivered me early the next morning. I opened it with all the eagerness of the most earnest solicitude; but, as if I were now to know the utmost extent of fatal disappointment, and of human misery, the contents of the letter were a brief account of the insolvency of Captain Boaden's banker.

I was now in the very abyss of wretchedness. Nothing, but being grossly expelled from this miserable place, could plunge me deeper in calamity; and that addition to my horrors I might reasonably expect every hour.

In one circumstance, and that, indeed, a very important one, I felt the benignant interference of Providence: my health was amending, and I was in no danger of what I so much dreaded, the desertion of my reason.

CHAP. LXVIII.

THE HISTORY OF ELLEN, CONTINUED.

TWO days had scarcely passed since I received the intelligence of all my hopes being annihilated, when I was peremptorily ordered to leave the house. This I was preparing to do, with a heavy heart, and tears of anguish and indignation, when a young woman entered my apartment, of whose face I had some, but a very faint, recollection. With great modesty she congratulated me on my being able to quit my room, and said, that she was ordered

by her mother to come and offer me any services she might be able to render me.

‘And who, my dear,’ asked I, ‘is your mother? I know your face—but I——’

‘O, Madam,’ replied the girl, ‘my mother was so happy as to be favoured with your commands, and those of the young lady who died, in supplying you with French lace.’

‘I recollect—and I recollect, too, that I am something your mother’s debtor. But, my dear, I am reduced to the utmost distress; I must quit this roof to night, and know not whither.’

‘ We heard, Madam, of your distress, and that is the reason my mother sent me to offer her services.’

‘ Find me, my good girl,” replied I, ‘ some humble place for me to hide myself from the incivility of these people.’

‘ Madam, you can have an apartment at our house, if you will deign to accept our services.’

‘ Indeed, my young friend,’ replied I, ‘ the civility of your mother and yourself is very grateful to me; and I accept, with thanks, your offer.’

After making the best apologies and promises I was able, to the people whom

I was on the point of leaving, I was conveyed to the house to which I had been so kindly invited, where I took up my abode, and where I had not long been, before my health was so far recovered, that I was able to walk among the adjacent mountains, and amuse myself with a variety of sad reflections on that scenery which I had so often viewed in the most delightful of all society, and which always impart the most romantic ideas.

In one of these rambles, I was addressed by Monsieur de Warens, whom I had seen at Monsieur de Bassompierre's, and who now professed the most sincere regard for me, which, he assured me, originated as much in my my misfortunes as in his regard for so estimable a character; and he earnestly

intreated that I would accept of apartments in his house, where his wife and daughters would be happy to show me every civility in their power.

To this I paid very little attention till he called the next day, accompanied by his daughters, who, joining with much apparent sincerity in their father's request, I became a resident in the house of Monsieur de Warens, where I intended to continue till I should obtain further intelligence from England, as I was now in expectation of letters from Captain Boaden.

Perhaps there cannot be a more mortifying state than that of being obliged to associate with those who know not how to regard the unfortunate; and I soon found that the wife and daughters

of Monsieur de Warens treated me rather as a dependant on misplaced benevolence, than as one rendered sacred by her misfortunes. Hence, as my strength increased, I extended my wanderings among the neighbouring hills and vallies; sometimes deeply ruminating on the sufferings I had endured, sometimes indulging the wildest fancies of hope, and sometimes singing to the winds in those plaintive strains which issued from the fulness of a fast-beating and yet unbroken heart, till I imagined the very rocks participated in my griefs, and re-echoed

THE SORROWS OF ELLEN!

CHAP. LXIX.**LETTER FROM CAPTAIN S.**

Non, ———, 17—.

THE flattering encomiums that you have bestowed on '*The Sorrows of Ellen*' incline me to be more particular towards you, with respect to that fair Unfortunate, than I at first intended. The sentiment of real affection that I feel for her is too well founded, to be done away, even by friendly prejudice; yet still, like the sensitive plant, it shrinks at every touch, and dreads the approach of an invader.

Soon after I had carefully perused the pages which she had confided to me, I would not insult either her veracity, or my own feelings, by making further inquiries; but the next time I saw Ellen, I entreated her to put herself under my protection, assuring her, that her person and her sorrows should be equally sacred, and that I should deem it a happiness to render her every service. I briefly related to her my history; and it was not till she found that I too was a subject of misfortune, that she consented to accept my offers, and to take shelter under my roof.

Ellen had not long been my inmate before she was convinced of the propriety and sincerity of my regard, and reposed in me the most unbounded confidence. I was happy in indulging

her with every wish of her heart: I rambled with her among the mountains; I diverted her melancholy by reading to her, and by, at length, inducing her to admit of a little more society. Her health gradually returned; her countenance became more animated, and she resumed her beauty.

That she might have nothing to prey upon her mind, which I could possibly remove, I took care to discharge her pecuniary obligations; and we passed some months in the enjoyment of those rational and refined pleasures which convey the purest satisfaction to the mind.

We could not thus live, however, without exciting the suspicions of the envious, and affording a theme for the

malignant. Ellen was conscious of this, without permitting it to have any other influence on her mind, than by observing a deportment that at once evinced her native delicacy, and her contempt of slander.

Our own society paid little attention to these rumours, because they knew them to be ill founded; and we did not permit our peace to be disturbed by the suggestions of those to whose good or ill opinion we were equally indifferent.

The time was thus passing, Ellen anxious only to hear from her benefactor, Captain Boaden, when, one day, to my great surprize, my son, lately arrived from the East Indies, and from whom I had not heard for many years,

made his appearance at Nion, accompanied by Colonel Macleod. Ellen was on a morning visit to one of the few friends with whom we associated. Frederick embraced me with respectful ardour, and apologized for having, in his earlier days, been less attentive to me than filial duty demanded; and Colonel Macleod, taking my hand, assured me, that whatever were the failings of the boy, they were lost, and ought to be forgotten in the virtues of the man, and the conduct of the soldier. I cordially returned my son's embrace, and was giving a heartfelt welcome to his friend, when Ellen came in. She was going to make an apology for her sudden intrusion, when, casting a look on my son, she started back: his eyes too were bent on hers; a moment scarcely passed thus, before they flew to each

other. ‘It is, it is my friend, my preserver, my benefactor!—it is Captain Boaden!’ cried Ellen. ‘And is this indeed my Ellen?’ exclaimed he. They embraced, not without tears of joy, while Colonel Macleod and myself were lost in amazement.

‘How!’ said I, ‘are you, my son, the good, the generous Captain Boaden, of whom I have heard so much, and for whom I have so high an esteem, as the friend of the unfortunate Ellen?’

‘Ah, Sir,’ replied Frederick, ‘I had many reasons for assuming the name of BOADEN, as the protector of my sister; for in Ellen, dear and honoured Sir, you behold the daughter of my unhappy mother!’ ‘Her daughter!’ cried I, ‘is this, is this the off-

spring of illicit love—of the lost, the guilty Isabella!—offspring of her whose fatal conduct reduced me from the pinnacle of happiness to the lowest ebb of misery!—Yet is Ellen faultless; and Heaven has sent the virtues of this child to atone for the errors of her parent, and to let me know what it is once more to be happy.’

Ellen, lost between confusion and joy, hid her face in the bosom of her brother.

This scene and our feelings are not subjects of narrative. The countenance of the Colonel was covered with tears of delight, and our hearts beat too high for the utterance of any thing but the short effusions of such rapture as is not often felt in the course of human life;

and, after all my misfortunes, I began now to consider and to feel myself as a favoured child of that Providence which is continually educing good from evil, and extracting the inestimable jewels of felicity from the deep mines of calamity.

CHAP. LXX.

CAPTAIN S'S LETTER.

IN CONTINUATION, AND CONCLUSION.

ELLEN was now completely happy. She had found in me a present protector, and in her friend a brother; and she tenderly inquired of Frederick what was become of Donald?—‘Donald,’ replied my son, ‘is as happy as a good life closed in death can make him: he fell a sacrifice to the climate: he has left you, dear sister, some remembrances; and I have much to do for him in Scotland, whither both the affairs of the Colonel and my own must speedily call us.’

Ellen rejoiced to hear of returning to Scotland; and we in a short-time began to make preparations for our journey, which, I trusted, would terminate ‘ my wanderings round this world of care,’ and that I should live only to see my son happy, and Ellen enjoying the reward of her sufferings and her virtues.

The day previous to that which we had fixed for our departure, we were not a little surprized by the arrival, at our door, of an equipage and retinue that bespoke the presence of a person of rank. I concluded that it was some friend of the Colonel, or of my son.— We were all standing at the window, as the stranger descended from his carriage. ‘ Good heaven!’ exclaimed Ellen, ‘ the Comte du Mesnil!’

The Comte, whose person and manner instantly prepossessed me in his favour, was soon ushered into the presence of Ellen — ‘ Will you, Madam,’ said the Comte, ‘ pardon my intrusion? Despairing of hearing from you, and still feeling the most lively interest in whatever concerns you, I could not resist making myself the bearer of these;’ and he put into her hand the pictures of Don Joseph and the Marchioness de Pombal.

Ellen looked at them and at the Comte with the utmost amazement, at once making her acknowledgments to him, and embracing the pictures — ‘ It affords me great joy,’ said the Comte, ‘ that I am in any way instrumental to your pleasure. I know not how these reliques, which I know you hold dear,

came to be out of your possession, but I will soon tell you how they came into mine. They were offered for sale in Paris to my jeweller, I happening to be present. I knew the picture that usually graced the bosom in which it is the study of my life to create some interest. The mean appearance of the woman who offered them excited my suspicions; her answers were evasive; I had her person secured, and her fate depends on your determination.'

Ellen, with modest confusion, bade him welcome, apologizing for the situation in which he found us, and informing him of our intended journey. —I assured the Comte, that I should gladly postpone our departure for some days, to show all the civilities, our power could afford, to one who had

honoured Ellen with such attentions, and favoured us with his company.—The Comte, with friendly and well-timed politeness, expressed his acknowledgments, and withdrew, promising to dine with us the following day.

The next morning Ellen related to us what had formerly passed between her and the Comte du Mesnil, and produced a letter which she had at that moment received from him, wherein he earnestly solicited her hand, declaring that neither absence nor succeeding objects had been able to erase her image from his mind, or change the affections of his heart.

She looked tenderly at my son—now no longer Captain Boaden—and seemed, without speaking, to ask his

sentiments, and to wish to be guided by the discretion of him who had hitherto been her best friend and most faithful adviser.—‘ Follow the dictates of your own heart, my dear Ellen,’ said Frederick ; ‘ I doubt not the Comte’s worthiness, because I have sufficient reliance on your judgment, and have no dread of your being deceived.’

The Colonel and myself concurred in favour of the Comte, from what we had observed of him, and the relation we had heard of him from Ellen gave us no room to doubt the safety of her happiness.

The Comte came an hour before dinner, requesting to see Frederick

alone. They had a long conference; the result of which was, that my son promised him the exertion of his influence with his sister. The dinner-hour passed pleasantly; after which the Comte observed, that he had not yet finished the act of restoration. — ‘I bear, my dear Madam,’ said he, ‘other treasures of yours: these diamonds, for which you did not receive a fourth of their value, I rescued from the hands of the Comtesse’s jewel-merchant; but I re-purchased them with your own money, which I forced from the Chevalier when I detected him in some of his foul manœuvres at play.’

This restoration could not but be highly acceptable to Ellen, and these kindnesses of the Comte we properly

acknowledged. Several days passed, which the lover endeavoured to render as agreeable as possible: at length he declared he thought he had been a lover long enough, and that he could not afford to lose more of his life in expectation. We all joined in soliciting Ellen to fix the day that should make her the Comtesse du Mesnil.

Poor girl! she had few female friends to advise with; though many, who, before the Comte's arrival, had treated her with incivility, were now forward in their endeavours to obtain the friendship of the intended Comtesse. At length she fixed on her bridesmaids and companions, and named the day. The marriage was solemnized. The Comte soon afterwards expressed

his wish to visit Scotland with us. He had never been in any part of Great-Britain; and we were happy that Ellen should visit the places which had been endeared to her in her early days, and which she could now behold with new delight.

To Scotland then we proceeded, and, on our arrival in Edinburgh, Ellen sent for Pattie Duncan.

Their meeting was truly affecting. The joy of the old people seemed to renovate them, and Ellen once more entered with rapture into the long-loved cottage.

The Laird of Malcolm yet lived.—Douglas had been dead near a twelve-

month, in consequence of a fall from his horse; and in Peggy's situation no change had taken place. She received Ellen's advances with pleasure, and their early friendship was at once renewed and augmented.

Of Captain and Mrs. Shark it was impossible to gain any intelligence.

Mr. Thoroton, enfeebled by old age and bodily infirmities, had been long confined to his room, whither Ellen was, with some difficulty, admitted.— After cordially embracing her, he said, 'Wait the death of an old man. Thou art not portionless.'

Mr. and Mrs. Kinloch had changed their situation, for one more congenial

to their feelings, and were established in an honourable and lucrative employment. They assured us, that Mr. Thoroton had long since made his will, and bequeathed the whole of his property to Ellen, after his decease.

The meeting of Colonel Macleod and Peggy Malcolm indicated that we were speedily to witness another wedding. Peggy, during his long absence, had retained him in kind remembrance, and the beauties of the East had not at all weakened the affections of the Colonel, who, though he had not before tendered to her his hand, had yet devoted to her his heart, from the first hour in which he had seen her at the Laird's house. We had therefore a Caledonian marriage in the true style,

and the bride and bridegroom were not only followed by the best wishes of the old neighbourhood, but those few of the inhabitants who did not attend them to the altar.

The old Laird lived to bless their union; but the premature death of his two sons were circumstances which he did not long survive.

The Comte and his fair bride passed many months in Scotland, which the Colonel and his lady, my son and myself, meant to make our future residence for life.

The day of separation at length arrived: our parting with the Comte, and with Ellen, was attended with many regrets; but we had now long been

witnesses of the worth and affection of the Comte; and the evident interference of Providence, in its dispensations respecting the fate of Ellen, gave us no reason to doubt her future felicity.

THE END.



